# The Nation

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## Summary of the News

With the commencement early last week of the strong Italian offensive on the Isonzo the circle of Allied attack was almost completed. There remains only the Macedonian front, and activity recently reported from that quarter may well be in the nature of feeling-out operations preparatory to the launching of a general offensive against the Bulgarian army and its somewhat attenuated Teutonic supports. Next to the spectacular advance and recoil which has been a feature of military movements on the eastern front, the Italian successes have been perhaps the most sensational of the war. The fate of Gorizia was sealed by the capture of the bridgehead, announced in the Rome bulletin of August 8. News of the capture of the city itself came on the following day, and Gen. Cadorna has pushed on steadily in his drive towards Trieste. The occupation of the Doberdo plateau was announced in dispatches of August 11, and operations since then have been directed to the conquest of the Carso plateau.

In East Galicia von Bothmer's army has received severe punishment at the hands of Gen. Letchitsky. The capture of Tlumacz early last week, following a smashing blow on a wide front, prepared the way for the occupation of Stanislau, announced in the bulletins of August 11. The Russian advance has compelled the retreat of the entire Teutonic line from Tarnapol to Buczacz to new positions on the Zlota Lipa. The ability to hold this front seems, however, extremely problematic, since Letchitsky's forces hold positions on both sides of the Dniester below Halicz, while Gen. Scherbatchoff has thrown a force across the Zlota Lipa southeast of Halicz and is in occupation of Mariampol. The fall of Halicz seems, therefore, to be imminent, and with that place will go the security of von Bothmer's new positions.

In the west the progress of the French and British has been substantial but less spectacular, fighting during the week having been marked by a succession of formidable German counter-attacks. The British have pushed on steadily northwest of Bazentin-le-Petit and of Pozières, in which district almost daily gains of trenches have been recorded. The French made an important advance north of the Somme on Saturday of last week in the direction of Maurepas, of which place they are, as we write, in partial occupation. These operations, which took place over a four-mile front, have the result not only of straightening out an awkward salient, but also of bringing the French within a short distance of the main road between Béthune and Péronne.

On the Verdun front counter-attacks by the Germans were successful last week in regaining possession of part of the Thiaumont work, since when deadlock seems to have supervened. The Russian army in Armenia appears to have suffered some reverses, for the Petrograd bulletin of August 9 announced the evacuation of Bitlis and Mush, while an announcement from Constantinople of August 12 told of a general Russian retirement from the Bitlis-Mush line and of the Turkish occupation of Kighli. A statement issued by the British War Office on Sunday told of the satisfactory progress of operations directed to the envelopment of German forces in East Africa.

The threatened railway strike is not definitely composed as we write, but signs are hopeful that a settlement may have been reached by the time the *Nation* is published. Following on the failure at the end of last week of the United States Board of Mediation and Conciliation to find any means of reconciling the differences of the managements and the employees, the President addressed a request to both sides to confer with him in Washington before definite action should be taken. Conferences of both parties with the President took place on Monday, and subsequent dispatches from Washington held out hopes that an adjustment of the differences might be reached. The demands of the men are for an eight-hour day and pay at the rate of time and a half for over-time. These demands, as well as their own counter-proposals, the companies have all along been willing to arbitrate, but the railway brotherhoods before the Board of Mediation declined to entertain the suggestion.

In attacking the present Administration Mr. Hughes, in his speech-making tour, has concentrated on a vulnerable spot—the displacement from Federal and diplomatic offices of competent men and the appointment of others for political reasons. We touch briefly on the merits of the controversies aroused in our editorial columns. Whatever these may be, it is certain that Mr. Hughes has been successful in drawing the Democratic badger. Members of the Cabinet have hastily reached for telegram blanks to repudiate his charges, and Mr. Bryan has emerged from obscurity to issue a not too convincing defence of his partiality for "deserving Democrats."

Reports published in the papers of August 10 that the Administration was on the eve of accepting a settlement of the Lusitania case received official denial the following day. It may be presumed, therefore, that the matter is still a topic of discussion. The Petrolite controversy with Austria also continues to drag its slow length along. Dispatches from Washington of August 11 asserted that the State Department had "assembled for transmission" additional data relating to the case.

It is evident that ratification of the treaty with Denmark concerning the purchase of the Danish West Indies will prove by no means plain sailing. Mr. Stone's demand in the Senate last week for an investigation into the manner in which the terms of the treaty were prematurely published may perhaps be regarded as a sign that the Administration is not unconscious of the development of strong opposition to the proposal. In Denmark apparently it is even less universally popular. It is favored by the Radical and Socialistic parties, but bitterly assailed by the Conservatives. Recourse to a plébiscite has been advocated.

The State Department received from the British Embassy in Washington on Monday an explanatory statement concerning the methods adopted by Great Britain in censoring neutral mails. The statement revealed a number of devices adopted by enemies of the Allies to foil the blockade, which devices have been in large measure responsible for past delay in the examination and forwarding of neutral mail.

The conference report on the Army Appropriation bill, providing a sum of $267,596,530 for the maintenance of the land forces of the United States, was adopted by the House on August 9.

There are no developments of importance to record in the Mexican situation. Orders were issued by the War Department last Saturday for the immediate movement to the Mexican border of all of the remaining troops of the National Guard in the recent mobilization who had not yet gone there.

Prospects of providing relief for Poland appear to be as far off as ever. The British note received by the State Department on August 11 reiterated the willingness of the Allies to permit shipments of food to Poland on the terms laid down, but contained no new proposals opening the way for settlement of the controversy between belligerents. The Austrian note on the question, handed to Ambassador Penfield on August 7, was also received last week. It was in the form of a memorandum intended as an intermediate expression pending a formal answer by the Emperor to President Wilson's personal appeal. Argumentative in tone, it took the position that troops occupied solely in policing conquered territory should use the products of the country.

The request by the United States that a neutral committee be permitted to undertake relief work in Syria has also been refused. The American Chargé d'Affaires in Constantinople cabled the State Department on August 11 that the Turkish Government had informed him that relief work in Syria was considered unnecessary as crops there were better than anywhere else in the Empire.

Ships definitely announced as having been sunk by submarines since we wrote last week number sixteen. A fine impartiality is displayed in the choice of victims, these consisting of four British vessels, three French, two Norwegian, three Italian, and one each of Danish, Japanese, Greek, and Spanish nationality. The sinking of the Italian steamer Letimbro, which we recorded last week, it has been announced, will not be the subject of investigation by the United States Government, as it has been established that there were no American citizens on board. The Austrian Government has published a statement asserting that the Letimbro carried troops.

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# The Week

In his speech at Minneapolis Mr. Hughes met the first Administration counter-attack, led in person by Secretary Redfield. That officer made haste to reply to the Republican candidate's charges against President Wilson's dealings with the Civil Service by declaring that Mr. Durand retired from the Census Bureau voluntarily, and not under duress. Mr. Hughes promptly retorted with a letter from Mr. Durand himself, stating that his "resignation as director was distinctly a forced resignation." Mr. Redfield stands by his original statement, but takes a new tack when he declares that if Mr. Durand "had not resigned when he did, his resignation certainly would have been forced later"! As for the number of appointments removed from civil-service rules by special Executive orders, Mr. Hughes explains satisfactorily enough the evident confusion in his Detroit speech. But he does not mention that President Wilson's record in the matter of these special exemptions compares not unfavorably with the records of the Taft and Roosevelt Administrations. Mr. Hughes, however, is doing a splendid service to the cause of efficient government by pushing to the fore the civil-service issue. Incidentally, his speeches must make enjoyable reading for Gov. Whitman. In a campaign conducted along these lines the Governor may get some credit, after all, for the work of his excellent Civil Service Commission.

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We are not at all sure, but it may be that a post-graduate training in metaphysics, logic, geology, and the biological sciences will enable a man to follow the vicissitudes of the skirmishing that has broken out in the wake of Mr. Hughes's charges against the Democrats and the spoils system. An expert in scholastic logic, for instance, might discern the distinction in Secretary Redfield's argument that Mr. Durand was not removed from the Census Bureau, but that if he had not resigned he would have been fired. Such an expert might also see the force of the argument that it was all right to place a man of affairs at the head of the Census Bureau, because he had all the scientifically trained subordinates that were needed; and it was also all right to appoint a man of affairs to a deputyship in the Bureau of Elections, because he served under an expert of the "highest scientific character." As for the contention that an excellent cattle breeder is not unlikely to become an excellent fish breeder, that plainly is for the professors of zoölogy to decide. Finally the code of manners enters. "I don't care for your taking the jobs," said one Republican Senator. "I'd have more respect for you if you'd said outright, 'Durand is a Republican, and we want the job.'" To which the Democrats might have replied that they were only living up to Mr. Hughes's demand for deeds and not words.

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Mr. Hughes is suddenly impressed with the sectional aspect of the present Administration, particularly in the chairmanships of the important committees in House and Senate. But he must be aware that these chairmanships are assigned upon the ground of seniority. Now, the Southern States have a steadier Democratic representation at Washington than the Northern States, partly because of their unwavering Democracy, but partly also because of their custom of returning a man term after term. In the end, such a member of Congress finds himself the oldest person in service on his committee, and when his party wins he becomes chairman as naturally as he becomes a year older his next birthday. Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, head of the Commerce Committee, was elected in 1903, a long time ago when the changes in the Senate of recent years are remembered. Senator Simmons, head of the Finance Committee, began his service in 1901, and Senator Martin, of Virginia, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, has been in the Senate ever since 1893.

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In the House, the showing is more striking. Representative Sparkman, of Florida, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, which Mr. Hughes seems to have had especially in mind, is serving his eleventh continuous term. He is surpassed in length of service by only four men in the House, two of them Republicans, with one term more to their credit than he has; one Democrat, with two terms more, and the Republican, Cannon, who can hardly remember when he was not a Representative. If Sparkman had not been returned to this Congress, Burgess, of Texas, now serving his eighth continuous term, would automatically have become chairman of the committee. Kitchin, of North Carolina, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, also is in his eighth continuous term. The oldest Republican in point of service on his committee has been in the House just two years longer than he, the oldest Democrat just two years less. As this Democrat happens to come from Illinois, it is too bad that Mr. Kitchin had not been cast by fate upon some other committee. There is a Northern Democrat who is chairman of one of the most important committees in the House, but Mr. Hughes did not mention the Committee on Appropriations, headed by Representative Fitzgerald, of New York—not because he comes from Mr. Hughes's State, but because he has been coming from one State longer than any other Democrat on that committee, being in his ninth consecutive term.

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One of the most forcible British protests against the action of the Economic Conference of the Allies at Paris, signed by Lord Bryce, Lord Loreburn, Lord Courtney, F. W. Hirst, John Burns, Sir John Simon, Lord Ashton, and others, takes the direction of a thorough defence of free trade. Their letter to the press rejects the plea that trade after the war will be something quite different from what it was before the war broke out. It will be the same; and the war has proved free trade to be as strong as protection is weak. It was free trade that supported the enormous mercantile, manufacturing, and shipping industries of Britain, and that has made Britain's industries the munitions-makers of her allies, her ships their transports, her money their support. In France, especially, the protectionist policy has been shown to have prevented the development of ports or shipping, and has increased the burden of the war. The splendid British organization is a direct result of the open-door policy. But it is especially pleasing to find that the signatories lay stress on the value of free trade in promoting good will. If protectionism is adopted against Germany, they believe that she will be less able to make material restitution after the war, and will be thrown into a more militarist policy as the sole escape from an intolerable position. Upon the thesis that the war has vindicated free trade, and in large part shown the folly of an opposite policy, volumes might be written.

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The treaty recently entered into by which England and Russia settle all questions outstanding between them with regard to Persia is only one of the insurance policies written recently by the Entente Powers to provide against mutual dissension at the ultimate peace conference. The Entente Powers want to present a united front when the end comes, so they are very wisely carving up the Teutonic goose now, even if they are not sure, as yet, that it will shortly be done to a turn. If all points of difference

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are settled beforehand, Germany will have no opportunity at any future time to take advantage of mutual suspicions and jealousies, upon which it is perfectly plain she has already been figuring. With what mockery she greeted the announcement in the Duma that Russia was to have the Dardanelles with England's free consent, and with what delight hailed the Russo-Japanese treaty as a slap at the Anglo-Japanese alliance! And now comes Russia quite willing to complete the international ring-around-the-rosie of good-will. No doubt France has a pretty good understanding with England as to the division of Germany's African colonies, and Italy by now must know exactly what she is to expect in the way of expansion on her northern frontier. It looks very much as if the Entente nations were waging a preparedness campaign in the direction of mutual good understanding that would leave the Central Powers face to face with a stone wall of unity on the other side of the conference table.

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The emergence of Poland in the week's news is directly connected with the progress of the Russian armies. So long as the Czar's forces stood on the defensive far within Russia proper, Petrograd's intentions with regard to the future Government of Poland were not of primary importance. The Central Powers, on the other hand, were apparently under no pressure to announce their programme. Just now the Russian armies stand close to the river Bug, which is the frontier of the kingdom of Poland, and are pressing forward against Lemberg. Hence the rumors of negotiations under way between Berlin and Vienna for the proclamation of Polish autonomy. In Russia the resignation of Foreign Minister Sazonoff has been explained as due to the defeat of his Polish programme. Sazonoff is described as favoring the fullest redemption of the promises of autonomy made in the Grand Duke Nicholas's manifesto at the beginning of the war. A majority of the Cabinet council was with Sazonoff, but the influence of the Premier, Sturmer, carried the day. If it were not for the stupidity of the reactionary mind it would be hard to imagine Petrograd preparing to repeat the mistake of last year when Russia stood at the height of her military achievements. Russian diplomacy then took a high tone with the Balkans. Not only was the possession of the Dardanelles taken for granted, but Bulgaria and Rumania were given to understand that Russia would deal with their claims after the war as she saw fit. To that may be traced in large measure the breakdown of Allied diplomacy in the Balkans.

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Indiana's Progressive candidate for the short term in the Senate announces that he has decided to vote the Prohibition ticket. He always had one regret over the Progressive platforms, that "the chief factor in the destruction of happiness, the one element that walks hand in hand with the crooked politicians, the thing that militates most strongly against this mighty programme of social justice, failed to receive the condemnation it deserved, to wit: the liquor industry." This year, however, the Indiana Convention adopted a prohibition plank, and Mr. Jackman felt that he could not refuse the Senatorial nomination. Then came the St. Paul Convention, with the nomination of his friends, Hanly and Landrith, which, on top of his conviction that "the hour has struck for a concerted effort to check the torpedoing of business and society by this submarine liquor traffic," threw him "into a whirlpool of conflicting emotions." The failure of the Indianapolis Progressive Convention to name a national ticket led him to transfer his allegiance. Even so, as he reminds the Progressive State Chairman in his letter of resignation, he is only following "the one great principle taught by the Progressive party, and which we have all learned—the ability to think and act independently." But where did Progressives get their ability to find reasons for whatever they feel like doing?

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The nomination of ex-Gov. and ex-Ambassador Herrick for Senator in Ohio will seem to the casual newspaper reader the outstanding feature of the primaries in that State last week. Yet the outcome of the contest in the Democratic ranks was far more significant. Mr. Herrick was opposed by two men, one of them much less widely known than himself, but a worthy opponent, former State Chairman Dougherty; the other, ex-Senator Dick, of the era of Hanna. In the Democratic primary, on the contrary, the contest was squarely between the Administration forces, as represented by Senator Pomerene, and the antis, as typified in that voluble tribune of the people, ex-Congressman Lentz, who was ticketed as the candidate of the hyphenates. Lentz proved to be no Colquitt, and the President's friends have won a substantial victory in a State where support is worth infinitely more to them than in Texas. Especially in view of the possibility of Herrick's nomination was it important that the Democratic candidate for Senator should be a man who would at least not detract from the strength of the ticket, as Lentz would have done. Pomerene is not a Webster, but neither is he a Thersites.

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Judge Seabury doubtless has the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York tucked securely away, but if he had dreamed that his name would head the Progressive ballot with equal facility, he is in for a rude awakening. That is a formidable list of local Bull Moose notables which appeared at the foot of the letter requesting Gov. Whitman to enter the Progressive primaries. It is headed by two of the Select Order of Hosts—Childs of Brooklyn, whose yacht always has steam up when the Colonel comes back from Africa or anywhere, and Wilkinson, of Syracuse, whose roof Roosevelt made famous by sleeping under it during the Barnes libel suit. Besides these two a number of other venerables like William H. Hotchkiss and William Wirt Mills are among the signatories, and a sharp contest in the primaries is assured. But let Judge Seabury take heart. The Progressives of New York State have never been in any hurry to do chores for their elder statesmen. The elders were for Davenport in 1914, and the very thought of Sulzer as a possible nominee moved them to public lachrymations—in spite of which Sulzer got fourteen out of the thirty-two thousand votes cast at the primary.

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"One objection" to lowering the exemption from the income tax, so the Senate Committee on Finance was told in the Democratic caucus last week, was that it would be a bad move politically. This slight defect in the proposal had escaped the attention of Senators entrusted with the task of adjusting revenues to expenditures, but, to their credit be it said, they allowed no false pride in their work to influence their judgment, and those already paying a tax on income will continue to pay, only they will pay more, while those now exempt will remain in that happy condition. It is a little surprising that, while the caucus was about it, it did not arrange for a suspension of all Federal taxation for a few months, thus winning the hearts of the voters at a stroke. But the Senate Committee is reported to have worked hard all day trying to complete its revision of the House bill, and the caucus was doubtless loath to reject all that effort. Wisconsin has an income tax with a much lower exemption than that suggested for

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the General Revenue bill, but what do Wisconsin legislators know of the political exigencies at Washington? The main thing is to get the bill to the President as soon as possible, so as to go home and denounce the Republicans for hampering the majority in Congress by their inveterate tendency to put politics first.

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There is certainly a bad look in the refusal of the United States Civil Service Commission to grant the National Civil Service Reform League's request for permission to examine the official rosters and registers for fourth-class postmasters. Lists of this kind are constantly opened to public inspection by local commissions. Is there any reason why the Federal Commission should be unwilling to take the public equally into its confidence? The League asserts that politics is behind it all, and quotes President McIlhenny, of the Commission, as saying that to make the lists public might "seriously embarrass" the Administration. President Wilson deprecates any such suggestion—but sustains the Commission's ruling. Why should the Commission, with the evident sanction of the President, maintain this "policy of secrecy"? Surely the freest publicity within reason is essential to the proper administration of the Civil Service law.

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For the decision of the Senate Finance Committee to defer the effective date of the proposed tariff on dyestuffs till after the European war, there is the commonsense reason that war conditions are alone a sufficient present encouragement to dye-manufacturers. The tariff rate might well be left till we know where we stand. Evidence is accumulating that the only branches of the industry we can yet hope to build up are fast intrenching themselves. The statements of Drs. Pratt and Norton, of the Interior Department, are suspect by all dye manufacturers. But the bulletin of the Merchants' Association of New York lately offered some figures upon the output of dyestuffs in America that went far towards bearing out the Government experts; and the *Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter* has begun to present statistics which show a rapid improvement in the general chemical situation in the last six months. Our production of dyestuffs has increased five-fold since the war began, while the prices of many drugs have been cut by a third within the year. Dr. Norton says that all signs point to the continuance for a year or two of conditions favoring a constructive period free from foreign competition.

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The action of the Australian Government in forming a pool of banks to help the farmer carry the last unprecedented wheat crop till shipping facilities can be obtained is leading it from one radical step to another. Five months ago it fixed the price of grain to Australian millers, causing a great outcry among farmers, who saw that the rate was below that of the London market, and could not see that the high London price was due to the use of the Commonwealth's credit. The price of flour and bread was next fixed, and the States protested that the Commonwealth could not properly prescribe regulations for varying local conditions. Now Premier Hughes has made a bargain—which his Labor Party highly approves—for fifteen cargo steamers at $10,000,000 the lot. The surplus of wheat left on the hands of the pool promised to amount to two and a half million tons, and some way must be found to move it to Europe before the new harvest comes on in December. Yet this venture already has critics. The steamers cannot possibly carry more than three-quarters of a million tons during the rest of the year, and this, far from meeting the emergency, will leave a million and three-quarters in Australia. The vessels have been bought from British owners, and it is complained that British shipping is already too much depleted. Finally, if the war should end in a year or less, the Commonwealth would have a fleet worth nothing like the price paid.

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The presentation of Regnault's painting of Salome to the Metropolitan Museum creates less stir now than it would have created twenty years ago. The school of art exemplified in this picture has for the present gone out. The fact that Théophile Gautier admired it in his softest caresses of words matters not to the present generation. Art, like nearly everything else, has grown more strenuous. Every field has been worked by intensive cultivators. The general practitioner of the art of painting is disappearing. Greatness is measured by intensity of feeling, power to move. Aubrey Beardsley still thrills the young decadent, and outdoes the text he merely hoped to decorate. This text itself hangs heavy on the spirit of posterity like the odor of a tropical jungle. Snakes twine in and out among the parasitic hanging plants, and death steals away one's senses with mortally sweet fragrances—and over all hangs suspended in the breathless murk of sky a dead moon. That is, if you are still young enough to take Wilde and Beardsley seriously. Regnault's Salome knows not these hectic climes. Later times may like her all the better for that.

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No campaign has produced a song of one-tenth the influence of "Lillibullero" or "Ca ira." The parodies with which the campaign song-books are stuffed recall Shallow singing the outworn tunes of the crowd and calling them his fancies and good-nights. Far from offering inspiration to the political poet, the increased dignity of our campaigns seems to be stopping his voice. Three-quarters of a century ago something like the "commotion" claimed was actually caused by the ball rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler too. When Grant and Garfield were candidates, Civil War songs did service. In 1892 we were assured that four years more of Grover would leave the country in clover, and that the train was coming 'round the bend stuffed to the doors with Harrison men. But the inspiration of free silver was spent in orators, and neither imperialism nor the trumpet call for the hosts at Armageddon registered itself in efforts that the campaign glee clubs could impress upon the country. While both parties are drafting speakers, cannot laureates receive a little attention? The first Republican outburst has just seen light in a Boston journal. After rhyming "Hughes" with "views," it goes on:

We know he's decisive, courageous,
And stands for the red, white, and blue,
So then we shall know, to the White House
he'll go,
And the stars of our nation renew.

If the Democrats cannot beat this, they deserve to lose the vote of every lover of doggerel.

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Somebody with nothing better to do has been looking up the college degrees bestowed upon the two candidates for the Presidency. From this point of view the contest is by no means one-sided. Mr. Wilson has gathered only one Ph.D., one Litt.D., but has nine LL.D.'s. In the meantime Mr. Hughes, who never was president of anything in particular, has quietly collected eleven LL.D.'s. Their running mates are almost neck and neck. At present writing, Mr. Marshall is a nose ahead, with five LL.D.'s; Mr. Fairbanks has only four, but may get another any day. Coming down to the managers, Mr. Willcox has one LL.D., while Mr. McCormick had to be content with a perfunctory M.A. Six men, with thirty LL.D.'s

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among them! All of which proves what many independents have maintained from the first—the differences between parties this year are a matter of degree.

## *EXPERIMENTS IN INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.*

The disputes between the railways and employees are not the first of this year to lead Americans to inquire if we cannot devise better precautions against the tying up of transportation systems and other public utilities. When the conference between coal miners and operators began in February, and there was fear of a strike, the country knew that it had no legal provision for preventing such a calamity. The public has a feeling that its interests are superior to those of the employer, who may hire or lock out when he will, as of the employee, who may work or strike. How can it protect these interests? General sentiment has proved powerful, not merely in halting incipient strikes, but in inducing capital and labor to make trade agreements for arbitration, or to hold regular joint conferences to adjust differences. But its force is not a sufficient guarantee of industrial peace; and despite the advance of social legislation in England, France, and Germany, strikes and lockouts there have been frequent and sometimes menacing. But there is a belief that the United States could learn something at least from the British Dominions, and especially Canada. There, to conditions like our own, has been applied an industrial arbitration act with excellent results—the act itself the outgrowth of a coal strike in 1907.

Praise of the Canadian act need not conceal the fact that it has not worked with absolute perfection. It requires that no employees may strike, nor any employer lock out his workmen, until an arbitration board has been appointed by the Minister of Labor, has investigated, and has reported on the merits of the dispute. This alone holds out hope of peace through delay. After investigation, the strike or lockout may begin, though the board must offer its services. Its proceedings are conducted in public; and if it arbitrates, the awards of a majority are enforced under severe penalties. Since the law's passage there have been but three or four major strikes in the Dominion—as the Grand Trunk railway strike of 1910, the Canadian Pacific machinists' strike of 1908, and the Alberta coal strike of 1909. Of 145 disputes referred to boards during the first six years, 127 were adjusted without trouble. The number of awards repudiated by workers and by employers is about equal. It is agreed that the greatest difficulty in ending a strike occurs when the board divides, for the giving out of two reports makes it easy to becloud the issue. It is also thought that the act would be strengthened if the unions were compelled to be parties to a legal contract, and if the Government prosecuted for infractions of it, instead of requiring the other party to the dispute to do so. Some, again, would have the act applied to more than disputes in mining, transportation, and other public utilities, to which it is limited. But it is generally regarded as a sound measure, and the evidence is that it is producing such a pressure behind the demand for arbitration that in any large clash the side shown to be wrong by the official report will almost invariably submit.

In Australia and New Zealand legislation has gone farther than in Canada. Roughly described, the New Zealand compulsory-arbitration act creates a number of industrial districts, in each of which is a board of conciliation to which disputes must be referred. If conciliation fails, the dispute goes to a general arbitration court for the islands, the findings of which are final. New Zealand was prematurely called the "country without strikes"; but strikes and lockouts are illegal there only if the parties to them are bound by no award or agreement; and there have been about fifty in the last twenty years. All unions of employers or employees are expected to register under the act in order to obtain its benefits. The effectiveness of the general measures against industrial warfare was demonstrated when in 1912 an attempted syndicated strike on shipping and railways was blocked by a spontaneous uprising of the people to man these industries. In Australia a similar law was passed a decade ago, and it also has worked well, though troubles persist—as is shown by the recent Golden Hill strike, endangering the Labor Government. But in neither Australia nor New Zealand would these laws work so well were organized labor not so strong and guaranteed so many benefits under paternal legislation. Minimum-wage laws, factory acts, workmen's compensation, have protected labor interests and eliminated industries not able to comply with them. The compulsory arbitration acts are the capstone to a complex structure of laws such as exists nowhere else.

In the United States we can best look to the Canadian precedent. In the law for a Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation, and in the laws of a number of States which have created boards to offer services in arbitration and conciliation, sometimes with powers to make an investigation and publish their findings, we have taken steps in the right direction. Those who attempt to obtain a Federal statute modelled after the Canadian act may expect to meet some opposition from capital, and more from labor. Two important bodies, the Western Federation of Labor and the United Mine Workers, have already denounced the Canadian law. Labor fears that the law will not be administered well where the demand for an arbitral board is made by a weak labor organization; and also that the respite during the investigation will enable the employer to collect strike-breakers. Capital and labor both feel that there are times when they might like to fight at the drop of a hat. But for such a Federal law it can be said that no opposition can be lasting. At the same time, State laws for compulsory investigation and optional arbitration may help create good feeling between labor and capital, while they should forbid hasty strikes in connection with public utilities.

## *PRESIDENTS AND "PORK"*

Mr. Hughes has been bearing down hard on Congressional extravagance—none too hard to suit the *Nation*. To be sure, he says nothing about the immense sums voted for the army and navy. Tens of millions could be saved there, if anywhere. Far from thinking of that, Mr. Hughes speaks of the Administration's military preparedness as wretchedly "inadequate." It is only of river and harbor bills and public building bills that Mr. Hughes is thinking. Those are the measures commonly spoken of as Congressional "pork." And Mr. Hughes declares with much truth that a great many large items get into these bills through legislative log-rolling. This is a matter, he asserts, to "bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American." "It ought to be stopped," cries Mr. Hughes, and adds: "If I am elected President, I propose to stop it." His only qualification of this statement is, "to the extent of my ability."

There's the rub. The question of the power of the President to control expenditure by Congress is by no means abstract. It has to do with strong personalities, the most fundamental elements in political human na-

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ture, the realities of our system of government, as opposed to their description on paper. In this connection, a short running debate which took place in the Senate last week is illuminating. Senator Cummins had made the complaint that the hand of President Wilson was heavy on Congress. He was "coercing" it in one matter after another, until the position had become not only in violation of the Constitution, but wholly unbearable. In the suspicion, perhaps not entirely unjustified, that the Iowa Senator was merely seeking to score a partisan point, Senator Pittman asked him how he "construed" certain declarations of his own Presidential candidate, meaning Mr. Hughes. But Senator Cummins stood to his guns. His words in reply were these:

> Mr. President, if I believed that the candidate of the Republican party, if successful, would use the power which resides in the Presidential office, and which I need not describe, to coerce Congress, the members of his political party, to support or to oppose an act of legislation, I would not vote for him, and I will criticise and condemn him just as freely and emphatically as I am criticising and condemning the present Chief Executive. Possibly the Senator from Nevada was not a member of this body when I had occasion in former years to express the same views which I am now endeavoring to put upon record with respect to a Republican President. He did not offend the rule of the Constitution so grievously and so repeatedly as has the present Executive, but he did offend it, and I took the earliest opportunity to declare my unalterable opposition and repugnance to the attempt to compel Congress to do his bidding.

This is a timely reminder to Mr. Hughes—if he needs one—of the sort of thing he would have to encounter were he, as President, to set about "stopping" ways of legislation to which Congress is wedded. He would find opposed to him not merely the inertia of long habit, but men strongly intrenched in political power, jealous of their prerogatives and their perquisites. Herein has lain the toughest obstacle to an executive budget, or any other device to direct and control the voting of money by Congress. Members are not moved by any vague fear of usurpation by the President. This they allege, but this is not what they really mean. It is not what power another may take that troubles them, but the power which they themselves would have to give up. Nearly twenty years ago, the attention of Speaker Reed was called to a plan for making something like a national budget, or at least for holding down appropriations, through party control—that is, by united action of a certain number of party leaders. Mr. Reed wrote that he welcomed "any discussion which will help to create responsible Government somewhere." He would not have been Tom Reed if he had not added: "Of course, if we had it, unthinking persons and even newspaper editors might have a theme for reproach." On the main question, he wrote that Senator Allison "agrees with me that never in our experience has there been such a rush for appropriations as now when the income is too small by 50 or 60 millions." And this was in the idyllic McKinley days! Speaker Reed said, finally: "Of course, we optimists hope the time will come when the rolling logs will cease."

Well, it has been going on ever since with increasing fury. It is now a perfect jam of logs that Mr. Hughes proposes to "stop." He will have a big job on his hands, if he is elected President and sets himself resolutely to this work. Taft put his large shoulders to the task of preventing log-rolling, but was able to accomplish nothing. President Wilson has not shown acute interest in the subject. It has been hinted that this is one of the big questions which he is pushing over to his second term! Whoever tackles it, will have to face all sorts of antagonism and enmities. But, in both State and nation, the work is crying out for some one to attempt it. Our hugger-mugger ways of public finance will spell national disaster, if they are not mended.

## *CHANGES IN GERMAN OPINION.*

First-hand recent material from Germany, in the way of newspapers, pamphlets, and books, is now almost unobtainable in this country. In the inscrutable wisdom of the British Censor such things are considered bad for Americans. So he keeps them from coming through in the mails. But the English are made of tougher fibre. They can read this perilous stuff without being contaminated by it. And the British Censor lets them have it freely. But the result is that the more carefully sheltered Americans have to get the matter at second-hand, either by fragmentary cable dispatches from England or by extracts in the English press. Several of the newspapers, like the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian*, make a special effort to lay frequently before their readers the views of German editors, writers, and publicists. While the comment on these is naturally made pro-Ally, the excerpts themselves are faithfully reprinted.

No one can glance at any such late collection of representative German opinion without perceiving that certain subtle changes are taking place in it. There is little about the war itself, and its shifting fortunes. No evidence can be found that German spirit and determination are breaking. But the view of the great conflict now held is very different from that which prevailed in Germany at the beginning. This relates partly to the causes of the war, but much more to what Germany may hope to get at its ending. The old notion of a wicked conspiracy against Germany is still advanced; but a new note is struck, cautiously to be sure, which challenges the skill of German diplomacy and the wisdom of the German Government in deciding to strike the first blow when and where they did. Thus Dr. Paul Rohrbach, the well-known Nationalist writer, in a book reviewing the war, more than intimates that the real English idea about the possibility of war, and of England's being drawn into it, did not penetrate the mind of the Chancellor and Kaiser until it was too late. He frankly states that England could not have been expected to contemplate having to deal with "a Germany victorious over France and Russia." Dr. Rohrbach also declares that the General Staff was at fault, both in underestimating Russia's state of readiness, with the force of her original thrust, and in not allowing for her wonderful recuperative power. On this last point, Prof. Julius Wolf has contributed to the *Tag* an article dealing with the rate of increase in Russia's population. Reducing it to military terms, he shows that the Russian increase is good for four army corps yearly, while the German is good for only one. Remarking also on the decline in Russian illiteracy, Professor Wolf says, "Russia is no longer a colossus with feet of clay."

Regarding possible terms of peace, German voices are still jangled out of tune. Yet there is a steadily growing admission that the vast aspirations of the annexationists and the military party can never be realized. Controversy continues to rage about the supposed peace-plans of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg—meaning, of course, the Emperor—which are attacked by many as too "moderate." Yet one influential Conservative member of the Reichstag has publicly said that the question before the Empire is, not what terms of peace the Chancellor *ought* to get, but what he *can* get. In answer to the Chancellor's assailants, the semi-official organ of the Government, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, compared his present attitude to that of Bismarck:

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Our past master in diplomacy never measured the value of his peace settlements by the size of the territorial extension, and consequently he never sought to incorporate in the Empire foreign, independent nations. But the guiding star of all his activities was —"How can I make my German Fatherland united, strong, and unassailable for the free development of its powers?"

This only unchained fresh fury against the Chancellor, on account both of its plain intimation that Belgium was to be given up, and of the audacity of ranking the pygmy of to-day alongside the giant of the past.

It was inevitable that the man who is more German than the Germans should have made himself heard in the existing crisis. Mr. (or Herr) Houston Stewart Chamberlain has written a series of tremendously boastful papers for the *Tägliche Rundschau*, under the general title "Ideal and Power." He, of course, takes the most high and mighty view of peace terms, insisting that the war must result in the annexation of both Poland and Belgium, huge indemnities, the return of all German colonies, and so on. But the *Frankfurter Zeitung* came out with a very severe rebuke of these extravagances of Chamberlain. It told him that he had much better leave these German questions to be discussed by Germans. It sides, as one would expect, with the committee appointed to prepare the country for "honorable"—that is, very reasonable—terms of peace, and with the large German financial and manufacturing interests working to the same end. But of these men, the English-born Chamberlain declares: "They are killing the greatest power in the world, the enormous power of the flaming German idealism, an idealism which is the realizer of all God's practical thoughts." No *echt* German professor could beat that.

## *THE ALLIED RING TIGHTENS.*

In a strategic sense the Teutonic armies have been on the defensive for nearly a year. This is not merely admitted in Germany, but emphasized. In the second fortnight of September, 1915, the great invasion of Russia came to a stop along a line which remained unchanged till the beginning of Brusiloff's campaign two months ago. Whatever aggressive moves the Teutonic armies have made since last September, even the Servian campaign and the prolonged battling around Verdun, and the Austrian push in the Trentino, have been described in Germany as a defensive which anticipates the enemy's designs and always retains the initiative. To-day it is not a matter of technical defensive-offensives. The Teutonic armies are at bay in a very real sense. Since Brusiloff began his advance the Germanic forces have been concerned merely with holding on. Their attacks have been only counter-attacks. There has been no sign of an elaborate aggressive on their part. The initiative has truly passed to the Allies. To an astonishing degree the Russians have kept the enemy guessing, as one after another of Brusiloff's armies has hit out along a front of hundreds of miles. And what has been going on on the Russian front has been under way, on a magnified scale, in the whole theatre of war. The Allied tide has begun to filter through the Teutonic dikes, and the armies of the Central Powers are now busy in stopping up leaks to the best of their ability. In that process they have not succeeded. The leaks are getting wider every day.

Last week's reports of Russian victories in southern Galicia, of Italy's greatest achievement of the war on the Isonzo, of French and English advances on the Somme, show clearly the uniform pressure to which the Teutonic forces are being subjected. That coördination of effort which for two years the Allies failed to attain, which the German press only the other day pretended to regard as still unattained, is now an unmistakable fact. The last aggressive effort by the Central Powers was the Austrian attack in the Trentino. From that moment the Allied machine began to work. Brusiloff's victory around Lutsk in June brought the Austrian forward move against Italy to a standstill. When Brusiloff's advance in turn slackened at the beginning of July, the Anglo-French attack on the Somme was delivered. A month later Italy takes up the task before Gorizia. And if we take each front by itself we find the same principle of Allied coöordination at work. In France the Germans are kept alternately busy at Verdun and on the Somme. In Russia the alternate strokes are delivered now in Volhynia, now around Brody, now in southern Galicia. And Italy, instead of prosecuting her successful counter-offensive in the Trentino, breaks out suddenly on the Isonzo. The Central Powers are now utilizing to the full capacity those interior lines which have been their advantage from the beginning, only they are using them not according to their own will, but according to the dictates of the enemy.

What adds to the significance of the Allied initiative as it is now being exercised is the fact that it is not shaped by the developments of the day, but is being carried on in plain accordance with a great plan. Events on the Russian front make this clear. It is plain, for example, that the main Russian objective to-day is an advance on Lemberg, not from the north, where the threat against Kovel is strongly pressed, not from the east around Brody, but from the south, where the army that took Czernowitz and overran Bukowina is now pushing northward. It was thought likely that Gen. Letchitsky's army, after occupying Bukowina, would press on through the Carpathians into Hungary; and minor fighting has, indeed, taken place in the mountain passes. But the lessons of two previous invasions of Hungary have been learned. The main strength of Gen. Letchitsky's army has been brought to bear against the communications of Bothmer's army, which stood guard on the Strypa and which has been steadily pushed west and north under the menace of this encircling movement from the south. What we may expect, after the latest Russian victory south of the Dniester, is a contraction of the Austro-German semicircle around Lemberg under pressure from three sides, but chiefly under pressure from the south. For on that front the Russians have the advantage of facing Austrian troops with a minimum of German stiffening, and against the Austrians the Czar's soldiers have repeatedly demonstrated their superiority from the beginning of the war.

And as the Russian armies have always made their gains against the Austrians, so in the entire scheme of Allied operations the defeat of Austria stands out as the most promising way to success. Here is the significance of Russian and Italian victories. They are scored against the weak brother in the Teutonic alliance; and the Allied forces in France will be doing their bit if they only hold up the German reinforcements without which the Austrian lines cannot stand. What we are witnessing to-day is the deflation of Hapsburg strength. The enormous captures made by Brusiloff have shown results not only in the east, but in the Trentino and on the Isonzo. The surrenders *en masse* show a weakening of morale as well as of numbers. The capture of 3,500 Germans in a single battle shows that even the Kaiser's troops are being carried away in the general demoralization. Hammered on either flank by Russians and Italians, the Hapsburg armies have still to contemplate possibilities on their southern frontier. At Salonica a great Allied army has been ominously awaiting

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its chance. That chance may come when the situation on the Dniester and the Isonzo leaves the way open for the reconquest of Servia. In southeastern Europe, where the conflagration broke out, lies the best chance for a decision favorable to the Allies.

## THE STATES AND CHILD LABOR.

In the speeches in the Senate in favor of the Child Labor bill there has been an undercurrent of apology to the principle of local self-government. Its advocates assert their belief in State responsibility, but add that they feel the time has come when use of the national authority is necessary to rid the country of an evil. The fear that the proposed law may be held unconstitutional does not weigh heavily on them. They point out that under the interstate commerce clause lotteries have been ended and the manufacture of adulterated foods and the traffic in immoral women largely stopped. But they admit that this is one of the fields in which an expansion of Federal power is likely to be accompanied by an enfeeblement of the proper activities of the State—that such laws encourage us to turn to the Federal Government for relief against mischiefs we should have spirit enough to stamp out ourselves. Whatever the bill's fate, the State must remain the principal agency of child protection.

It will necessarily remain the principal agent even in child labor, since the Federal bill is of limited scope. It applies only to mines, quarries, canneries, workshops, and factories, whose child-made products are barred from interstate shipment. It is evident that, while this will effectually reach the mines and the Southern mills that have furnished the grossest abuses, it will not reach the variety of small manufactories that make goods for use within the State. It cannot reach the "street trades," in which the employment of minors must be safeguarded. The employment of minors between fourteen and sixteen in liquor-making establishments is prohibited by advanced States, and the Federal law can say nothing as to this. It cannot apply to the large number of department stores and offices, which, unless stopped by State law, will employ children for excessive hours. The National Consumers' League has given publicity to infractions of the law in employing children late at night in New York stores, and in other cities greater abuses, sometimes unprohibited, exist. The most the bill can do is to stop child labor in five or six States which still permit it in the interstate manufacturing concerns named, and to strengthen enforcement of the existing laws elsewhere. All forty-eight States will have to supplement it by restrictions of greater detail and greater economic complexity than the Federal law can embody.

It must also be remembered that a child-labor measure can seldom stand by itself, and that only State laws can provide for accompanying social and educational legislation. In some States the position has been taken that whenever the Child Labor law deprives a family of a necessary part of its income, a pension must be provided. The principle was applied in New York ten years ago by the local Child Labor Committee, in Chicago by the Bureau of Charities, and in Philadelphia by several organizations. It will have permanent application in better laws for the support of widowed mothers or invalid parents. And child-labor laws must be united with better laws about compulsory school attendance and vocational education, as they were in Pennsylvania last year. An important factor in the growth of sentiment against early employment of minors has been the regard for far-sighted educational ideals. We feel that children who have been confined to blind-alley occupations must receive an opportunity to develop the special knowledge and technical skill that will make them infinitely more useful to themselves and to the nation at large. They must have trade schools, and even after fourteen their time must be divided between work and continuation classes. Finally, the arousing of State sentiment against child labor ought to be part of a larger movement which should make the States realize that they alone can care properly for dependent children, delinquent children, and defective children. Each class of this kind constitutes a separate problem, but none can be solved until we have a high regard for the general improvement of the child's environment.

It is a short period since the campaign for State laws against child labor was commenced. At the tenth meeting of the National Child Labor Committee in 1914 Felix Adler remarked that "forty States out of forty-eight have by this time placed on their statute books laws forbidding the employment of children under fourteen. . . . Among those conspicuous as laggards are the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia." Since he spoke Alabama has passed an excellent law. At this rate of progress there is every reason to believe that in a short time the States will abolish the evil of their own volition. With the enactment of each new or stronger State law would come better local attention to the detailed regulations of which we have spoken, to practical education, and to the general needs of children. It is to be hoped that neither victory nor defeat at Washington will cause the Child Labor Committee and other bodies to forget that the chief field of their labors must always be in the States, the main emphasis upon State action.

# Foreign Correspondence

## FRANCE AT THE FRONT—AT THE REAR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 29.

Steinlen, the Swiss artist, has passed his life in Paris, portraying the pain of those who are in want and trouble. Raemaekers, when every one was running to see his savage war cartoons, said to me: "It is he who is real master of *la misère*"—of the sordid misery of men. In a new picture by Steinlen, which I see for sale in the windows of some war charity, there is almost an air of gayety—but it is gayety too deep for tears.

Soldiers, bearded and young, are crowding towards the dark arched door where the sign is—"To Verdun!" The youngest of them, fresh and bright of face under his round metal cap, turns to wave a last good-by. His call is underneath the picture for its title: "Don't you worry—we don't worry." *Ne vous en faites pas—nous, on ne s'en fait pas.*

One of the silly, sob-starting songs of the front parodies the *Cadet Rousselle* whose happenings by threes were sung by volunteers of the French Revolution in their marches over half Europe.

> The lads of Verdun three houses haunt—
> Vaux, Mort-Homme, and Thiaumont;
> The houses have neither beams nor rafters,
> But they shelter no Johnny-drag-afters.
> *Ah! Ah! Ah! Oui vraiment,*
> *Les gars de Verdun sont épatants!*
>
> The lads of Verdun have three trades—
> Cannoneer, infantry, handle the spades;
> When their trench is smashed and bare,
> With Rosalie they take the air.
> *Ah! Ah! Ah! Oui vraiment,*
> *Les gars de Verdun sont épatants!*

"Rosalie" is the pet name these lads have given their bayonets, which, not once but often and again,

> Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
> *Bayoneting* gunners there,
> Charging an army, while
> All the world wondered.

*Epatants*—that's it—the lads of Verdun and now those of the Somme make all the world wonder. I remember that my professor of rhetoric, before any of these soldiers were born, criticised the word as common and popular. Well, these lads are common in this united people and Victor Hugo used the word. It describes them just as Rudyard Kipling describes the fireflies of Pennsylvania, when he says they "make the night amazing." No one can ever say again that Frenchmen are degenerate in body or decadent in soul.

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The lads of Verdun have virtues three—
They'll never be beaten utterly;
No matter how long, they'll fight some more;
And they'll fight on though one against four.
*Ah! Ah! Ah! Oui vraiment,*
*Les gars de Verdun sont épatants!*

This is France at the front. France at the rear is the people "holding out to the end." All the world has learned to know them, too. It is a people modern-wise; that is, organized in a republic with a representative government in their Parliament. These representatives of the French people in both their houses—Senators and Deputies—have been indulging in secret sessions, to decide how far their government of such a people shall intervene among French citizens fighting at the front.

The Germans, it seems, had hopes some blunder would be made and that, as in the French Revolution, some commissary of the armies like Saint-Just, delegated by an assembly that should be legislative, would interfere with some French general like Hoche. Even Saint-Just reminded those who thought themselves capable to direct war without having learned it and from a distance: "It is those who are fighting that win the battle." So Gen. Grant was careful to cut the telegraph wires with Washington when battle began.

The extraordinary vote of confidence in the Briand Government which has terminated these secret sessions in each of the houses of the French Parliament has dispelled German illusions and reassured friends of the Allies. An old Senator, remembering the organization of National Defence in 1870, says of Prime Minister Briand's full and patient answers to all this Parliamentary inquisition into the conduct of the war: "I have heard nothing like it since Gambetta." Gen. Joffre and the generals under him and the lads of Verdun and the Somme punctuated the answers: "Don't you worry—we don't worry."

When this weary war is over—and not till then—a very pretty political study may be made of the intervention of the French Parliament in the action of government and military command during hostilities. Such intervention is necessary, for reasons which we Americans cannot easily realize to ourselves. It is connected with the French sense of that mysterious word *contrôle,* whose interpretation in the English sense gave us the Philippines. It has not been excessive, although it has latterly been feared it might become so. It has been beneficial in the main, and promises to become very much more so. And, betide, betide, whate'er betide, it is vital to the French Republic.

The difference between the two republics never came out plainer. M. Briand's greatness is in supple debate that persuades Parliaments. In America, we should assign his part to the President, for it is President Wilson himself who talks and talks back to Congress—but he is not controlled by it unless he chooses. In France, President Poincaré cannot communicate with Parliament except through Ministers responsible to Parliament. He is himself the emanation of Parliament which has elected him. The Prime Minister, as who should say Secretary Lansing or Bryan, is the responsible head of Government, responsible to Parliament, which, by refusing its vote of confidence, can change him for another any day. That is—and it has been said emphatically in the French Parliament in these days—Parliament alone represents the people. Parliament solely and exclusively incorporates the absolute sovereignty of the people. It was a fond saying of Gambetta, who gave its trend to the French Republic, that the omnipotence of Parliament is the condition *sine qua non* of government of the people by the people.

It has been cleverly argued that this particular Parliament represents only the people who elected it in peace and not the people changed in thought and feeling by two years of war. It has also been pointed out that Parliament in secret session escapes the *contrôle* of the people's opinion, nothing of what was going on being allowed to transpire through the press. Parliament decided to pass over all this and use the authority which the Constitution of the French Republic gives it. No one doubts it has done well, and all's well that ends well. As an American, I prefer our looser and less sovereigned republic, in which the President, too, represents the people, while the Supreme Court in one or other sense controls all.

England also has had her secret sessions; but if her Parliament had upset Government, its members would have faced a dissolution and new elections. Such "control" or check is wanting to the French Republic, and so the Deputies may overturn infinite Governments and still hold their seats for their four years' tenure of office. They have not used this unchecked power of theirs, and all the world—except Germany and her followers—is glad. At the front and at the rear France is holding out—to the end.

Three names are given to lads of Verdun,
Poilu, Bonhomme, and Eat-up-a-Gun:
History, too, shall tell their name,
For they shall have the Victory's fame.
*Ah! Ah! Ah! Oui vraiment,*
*Les gars de Verdun sont épatants!*

## REVIVAL OF PARLIAMENTARY OPPOSITION.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 26.

Last week will be memorable in the Parliamentary record as having witnessed the revival of the functions and power of an organized Opposition. It is to the credit of political parties at daggers drawn in this month of July two years ago, that instantly on the outbreak of war lethal weapons were sheathed. The tie of common brotherhood was drawn closer when, ten months later, a Coalition Government was formed. This rare, in full measure unique, condition of affairs was maintained up to the beginning of the week that is past. There have been occasional murmurings of revolt, chiefly below the gangway on the Ministerial side where sit those eminent statesmen, Mr. Hogge, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. MacCallum Scott. But they have not created alarm on the Treasury bench or attracted serious attention elsewhere.

The official Opposition bench confronting Ministers across the table remained, and has been fairly well occupied. It became what Lord Halsbury might describe as "a sort of" Cave of Adullam. Thither repaired Liberal ex-Ministers dislodged by the creation of a Coalition Government, members of a former Unionist Administration who had not been selected to serve under Mr. Asquith's leadership, and Privy Councillors gladly availing themselves of a privilege of their caste which permits them to sit on the front bench, provided there be room. But there was no mischief in their intent, no partisan motive in their method. Under the urbane leadership of Mr. Henry Chaplin, now gone to another place, they filled a void in the constitution of the House and a useful part in its business, regularly ascertaining, in reply to a question oracularly put by their chief, particulars about "the business for next week."

The almost simultaneous arrival in the Cave of Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Edward Carson ominously suggested graver potentialities. Were the situation based on other lines, these able parliamentarians joining forces might, after the manner of an historic party in which one has hereditary interest, make things uncomfortable, not to say perilous, for the Government. To do them justice, they have not hitherto displayed anything in the nature of the nagging tactics of the Fourth Party which worried Gladstone in the Parliament of 1880-85, and did not spare the placid Stafford Northcote. What they can do within the limits of non-party action is indicated by the events of last week, when, on successive days, they compelled the withdrawal of an important Government measure and overcame the avowed reluctance of the Prime Minister to institute an inquiry into the two failures of the war.

It is true that in respect of the motion for the appointment of a select committee to consider the question of the register, they received valuable aid from an unexpected quarter. The Home Secretary's remarkable speech in recommending it to the acceptance of the House was based upon the kindly humor of the man in an angry crowd dealing with an obnoxious person who piteously pleads, "Don't nail his ears to the pump." When Sir John Gorst was Under-Secretary for India, subaltern to Lord Cross, he occasionally delighted the House of Commons by sardonically chaffing his esteemed chief while purporting to win approval for his policy. Since what was known at the time as the Manipur speech, there has not been heard in the House of Commons anything approaching the address of Mr. Herbert Samuel when commending to the favorable attention of the House the appointment of a select committee, presumably the product of the united wisdom of the Cabinet. Sir Edward Carson, perceiving his opportunity, seized it by the hair, as the French say. His vigorous and effective criticism of a proposal which had not the approval even of its official author doomed it to the ignominious fate that presently befell it. As happened on the occasion when Mr. Walter Long a few weeks ago submitted a scheme of enlistment falling short of compulsion, the Prime Minister was not present, being elsewhere engaged in dealing with other of the problems that beset him as head of the Government. Then, as a week ago, an urgent message brought him back. Now, as then, quickly perceiving the hopelessness of the situation, he without waste of time or words withdrew the motion.

Next day an even more critical dilemma presented itself in respect of the ill-fated campaigns in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia. Once more Sir Edward Carson led the Opposition, moving for the appointment of select committees to inquire into the course and conduct of operations in these distant theatres of the war. In reply to frequent inquiry, the Prime Minister had reiterated refusal to comply with the request. With obvious intent of supporting him in a position thus taken up, an urgent Whip was issued and the House was crowd-

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ed in anticipation of a critical division. Surveying it, the Premier agreed that discretion was the better part of valor. In a speech marvellous in its dexterity, he surrendered, and the newly established Opposition had won the battle before a gun was fired. Interesting in themselves, these little episodes are important as testifying to the revival of a long self-effaced Parliamentary agency which, wisely devised and skilfully conducted, so far from being an obstacle to the conduct of the war, may do the State prime service in assisting to mould its conduct.

## Notes from the Capital

CHARLES ARNETTE TOWNE.

In the imaginations of most persons who know him only through newspaper accounts of his kaleidoscopic fortunes in politics, Charles Arnette Towne figures merely as a wild-eyed eccentric, and therefore a negligible quantity in our public affairs; others have assumed that he was built on the unseaworthy lines of William J. Bryan. Both notions are wrong. Towne is so constituted that as an administrator he might often be wrong-headed; but as a debater he is always to be seriously reckoned with. He is impressive in appearance, with a large, fine head, and a strong face that nine critics in every ten would pronounce handsome. Certainly the features are well moulded and symmetrical, and since the hair that crowns the broad brow has turned so gray, they have taken on a theatrical effect. Were he to cultivate a suitable moustache, every one would feel an instinctive impulse to greet him with a military salute.

Will he carry out his purpose of entering the contest for O'Gorman's seat in the Senate? New York, great State as she is, has been so indifferently represented there for most of the current generation that nearly any comparison is bound to be odious. Towne, it is safe to say, would give a better account of himself than Hill or Murphy, Platt or Depew, Lapham or Miller or Hiscock or possibly O'Gorman, as regards restoring New York to the map. He would lack the voluminous erudition of Evarts and the keen intellectuality of Root, but he would make the Senate listen, and the galleries fill, and the press vibrate with the name of his State, for oratory is his forte. He has a deep bass but very flexible voice, a delivery that loses nothing of its dignity because it is fluent and charming. He can, if he will, be severe without brutality, full without redundancy, playful without clownishness.

Is he sound of judgment? That depends on when you catch him; for he has boxed the whole compass of political opinion. Scarcely more than twenty years ago, a lawyer in Duluth, he was known as a strong Republican, with a bimetallic fad apparently as unexplosive as William E. Chandler's. He came to Congress in 1895, while still in this mood, and delivered one speech which made him more famous than most Congressmen become after ten terms of plodding industry. It was on the money question, of course, and dead against the Cleveland policy. Then he went to the Republican National Convention of 1896, although he knew that Mark Hanna controlled it and would not let it trail the gold standard in the dust. When Tearful Teller marched out of the convention, wailing loud protests through his nose, Towne followed him off to form the Silver Republican party and help elect Bryan. By degrees, through silverism and Bryanism, he worked his way around into the Democratic party. In 1900 he was nominated by both the Silver Republicans and the Populists for Vice-President, but declined. He had set his heart on being named for that office by the Democrats; but Bryan did not manifest enough enthusiasm over the idea to impress the delegates, so "Uncle" Adlai Stevenson received the honor of sharing the second defeat of the Peerless Leader at the polls.

Towne was too good a sportsman to sulk. He swallowed his disappointment without a vicious word, and did all he could to save the ticket from disaster. Three weeks later Minnesota lost the ablest Senator she had ever had in the death of Cushman K. Davis, and Gov. John Lind, who also had been graduated from the Republican into the Democratic party just in time to be whipped with it, and therefore to know how Towne felt, appointed him to fill Davis's place till the Legislature could elect a successor for a full term. Towne realized that he must make haste if he would leave any visible footprints on the sands of the Senate. Please note the fact that Bryan had gone down to humiliation on a platform which pronounced imperialism "the paramount issue of the campaign," and you will probably agree with me that it required some nerve for a temporary Senator, still young enough to have a few political possibilities before him, to choose the Philippine blunder for the subject of a speech which was to be at once his salutatory and his valedictory in the highest position he had ever attained. But Towne seized his one chance to speak his mind, and he did it with a force that was fairly irresistible. Even the stanchest Republicans, in their franker moments, admitted that it was cogent, logical, judicially well-balanced. It sounded as well as it read, and it read as well as it sounded, which is more than can be said for most speeches, in Congress or anywhere else. It created a profound sensation throughout the country, and the Republicans breathed freer when, the next day, Moses E. Clapp, Senator-elect by grace of the Minnesota Legislature, appeared to take possession of Towne's desk.

Towne presently removed to New York, there seeming to be no future for him in Northwestern politics. He became interested in the oil industry and fared pretty well as such things go. Meanwhile, he had taken a fancy to the propaganda launched by William Randolph Hearst, and was ready to help Hearst to the Presidency; but by the time the convention season of 1904 opened, he had been picked up by sundry conservative Democratic leaders who were disposed to put him forward as a Presidential candidate on his own account, and naturally the Hearst boom ceased to be so attractive. The coveted nomination did not come his way, but Tammany was very glad to send him to Congress, where he sat once more for a single term.

Whatever else may be said of these frequent changes, they must be conceded to have given Town an opportunity for a more varied range of observation and experience than comes to a politician who stays in one party all his life. So competent a judge as President Wilson regards it as a sign of breadth in a public man to feel free to reverse his judgments. And as to Towne's sincerity, well, his father was an old-fashioned, uncompromising Abolitionist at a time when such convictions cost something; so the son comes honestly enough by his disposition to do what he thinks best. We may need to blink some incongruities in order to reconcile Tellerism, Bryanism, Hearstism, and Tammanyism with statesmanship and unselfish patriotism; but doesn't blood count for something?

TATTLER.

## American Verse

RECENTLY PUBLISHED WORK OF SOME REPRESENTATIVE NATIVE POETS.

*The Man Against the Sky.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

*General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems.* By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

*The Great Maze and The Heart of Youth.* By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

*The Acorn Planter.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

*Chicago Poems.* By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

*Script of the Sun.* By Mabel Parker Huddleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

*Echo.* By Newbold Noyes. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Mr. Robinson is a delightful versifier. His numbers have a double quality which is referable to a like doubleness in Mr. Robinson himself. Nothing illustrates his temper more clearly than his way of giving out a mysticism with the effect of its being merely a memorandum. So his verse sets out to be homespun; it marks its syllables with a regularity suggestive of a clock-tick; it seems ready at any moment to become humdrum and jogtrot: and it ends by snatching you up into its hazelnut coach and making off with you to Fairyland. He sometimes hazards a rawness, often a pomposity; but his verse sports blithely in the exhilaration of these perils. He adheres to classic forms; he is original enough to dispense with novelty.

Selection is difficult, but I fall back a little unwillingly on two stanzas from "Old King Cole":

In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
No Khan's extravagant estate.
No crown annoyed his honest head,
No fiddlers three were called or needed;
For two disastrous heirs instead
Made music more than ever three did.

Bereft of her with whom his life
Was harmony without a flaw,
He took no other for a wife,
Nor sighed for any that he saw;
And if he doubted his two sons
And heirs, Alexis and Evander,
He might have been as doubtful once
Of Robert Burns and Alexander.

The reader may find in the same poem an illustration of another trait that pleases me

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less than the mixture of sauciness and shyness in this winning metre. King Cole tries later on to explain why he is cheerful in spite of his lying and thieving progeny. Now I do not require Old King Cole to render me a reason for his cheerfulness amid discouragements; I am content with his content. But if a reason is volunteered, I am not content that it should be a bad reason or a dark reason. Yet I find just this difficulty almost omnipresent in Mr. Robinson. He gives me feeling and music, and I could fare well enough on this generous ration, if my host's own dissatisfaction were not so evident. He wants more, and he stirs in me impatiences and hankerings which might well have been lulled by the sedative of his music. I am offered a languid narrative, an attenuated drama—above all, a famished intellectualism.

I restrict this censure to the present work. I know that Mr. Robinson can narrate finely, and others, whose opinion I value, assure me that he can write drama. But in this volume the power sleeps. It contains dramatic monologues of which the keynote is sometimes good enough for Browning; the difference is that in Mr. Robinson the keynote is the air. I except the Ben Jonson-Shakespeare monologue, which is more progressive, though even here what impresses us is not the Shakespeare, but the awe and wonder and discomfiture and misgiving and truculence of Ben himself, and this is given almost in a touch. The "Flammonde" and the "Old King Cole" are monochords. The beauty of the chord is sometimes undeniable.

When Mr. Lindsay begins to convoy General Booth into Heaven to the accompaniment of banjos and bass drums, I go back to the "Biglow Papers":

> Thrash away, you'll *hev* to rattle on them
> kettle-drums o' yourn—

But at this point I hesitate. Mr. Lindsay's corn is not mouldy; his barbaric orchestration recalls rather the seed-corn in the mummy-case, a primitive growth, re-sprouting in a modern soil. So far as this volume goes, the drums and banjos pass with General Booth into heaven, in which asylum of the blessed dead the piety of Mr. Lindsay's readers will be reluctant to molest them.

Outside of "General Booth" and the section called "Fantasies and Whims," the book is occupied with miscellaneous poems, in simple approved metres, with the stresses reverting to imagination and music. The themes are manifold, and the causes diverse. Titles as unlike as "Lincoln" and "Titian" inosculate on adverse pages, and causes so dissimilar as Socialism and Foreign Missions dispose themselves in unwonted fraternity between hospitable covers. Mr. Lindsay reaches one hand to David and another to Omar, gives Sidney Porter (O. Henry) the accolade with the sword that has just felled ex-Senator Lorimer, and glorifies John P. Altgeld between a defence of Poe and a supplication to Shakespeare. Unbelievers might expect such poems to be anything—or everything—but poetic; in point of fact they are more poetic than anything else. They are poetry. There is a certain specific levity in Mr. Lindsay—I use the term without disrespect—which profits by the counterpoise of gravity in the theme, even by a reflective or didactic gravity. The balloon is steadied by the parachute. These poems reflect the ease and pleasure with which they were written, an ease not always translatable into merit. I could wish sometimes for more study and endeavor: I crave and miss those two or three perfect lines in each poem which would convert the grace and lure which it possesses into absolute and authoritative charm.

In "Fantasies and Whims" the counterpoise of gravity is missing, and the author is less evenly, less securely, fortunate. For me, fantastic verse may be rebellious to any degree it pleases, but it must not be wilful; or rather it must follow the poem's will, the dream's will, not the author's. It is not merely the great privilege, but the great duty of such work, to be or seem unguided. Now, in these "Fantasies," sprightly and rhythmical as they are, I too often seem to feel the pressure of Mr. Lindsay's hand upon the tiller. In "The Light of the Moon," for instance, I feel that he prompts "The Snow Man" and "The Hyena"; and a prompter's voice should never be audible before the footlights. I quote from "The Angel and the Clown":

> I saw wild domes and bowers
> And smoking incense towers
> And mad exotic flowers
> In Illinois.
> Where ragged ditches ran
> New springs of Heaven began
> Celestial drink for man
> In Illinois.
>
> There stood beside the town
> Beneath its incense crown
> An angel and a clown
> In Illinois.
> He was as Clowns are:
> She was snow and star
> With eyes that looked afar
> In Illinois.

The brilliancy of Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's talents cannot escape even the purblind or the prejudiced. He has the artist's centrality. I love guidance and providence, and I cannot but respect Mr. Hagedorn for the beautiful promptitude and ease with which every member of his poem adjusts its scope and tempers its quality to the needs of the controlling plan. A rhapsodist says what he means; an artist says what he *meant*. His style shows the same foresight. His taste, if not unerring, is unswerving: its relaxations are calculated. Fifty years ago no poet would have allowed the small Electra to call Agamemnon "Daddy." Fifty years hence, let us hope, the enterprise may again be impracticable. Mr. Hagedorn has embraced the advantage of writing in 1916. His thankfulness for that privilege is likewise evinced in the use of "fired" for "dismissed" in a blank-verse drama of mediæval date. Yet even here Mr. Hagedorn is open-eyed, if not discerning, and his dramatic blank verse is as strong in assimilative force as in spirit and beauty. The Duke says:

> I did not know that children of her age
> Could feel so deeply. When they laugh, they
> laugh
> So like the sunlight, so like running water,
> So without any backward look toward pain,
> I did not know that when they wept, their
> woe
> Could tap the same cold, deep, eternal
> springs
> That feed our older grief. I did not dream
> Her spirit might be stronger than her flesh
> And frown the body's youthful ardor down.
> I grope in darkness. Youth bewilders me.
> I cannot probe it, plumb it, comprehend
> The meanings of the songs and silences
> That shake its lovely temples into dust.
> Dying, you say?

It is when we probe the emotion of Mr. Hagedorn that we begin to doubt if he himself has yet tapped the "deep, eternal springs." He does not lack feeling; a subtle intensity, almost a drugged intensity, marks "The Great Maze," a fearlessly modernized recast of the tragic death of Agamemnon. But the artist is unsure. When in the crisis of horror he ends the poem with "A child groped blindly through the hangings," I feel that this is nothing which Mr. Hagedorn has seen with either the fleshly or the spiritual eye; it is a guess. The guessing is very adroit, but the stroke that we need is authoritative. In "The Heart of Youth," however, there is true human interest and dramatic force in the forest scene between Angelo and his pupil. The augury is good, and I do not reject its import, because the crisis of the drama neither fulfils nor repeats its promise.

Mr. Jack London's "Acorn Planter," "a California forest play, planned to be sung by efficient singers accompanied by a capable orchestra," curiously demonstrates that a play may be of cyclic duration yet of stationary effect. At secular intervals types of the philosopher (a peace-lover), the soldier, the priest, the woman, and the white man (called "The Sun-Man") reappear, renew their sempiternal debate, utter their immemorial sentiments, and vanish. There is virtually no action. At the ends of Acts I and II, muskets are fired and men fall, but in a drama of imperishable types the fall of individuals is merely spectacular. I am grateful to Mr. Jack London that, in the concussions and confusions of our time, he should have placed the emphasis of his manhood on the side of the acorn-planter, the soil-tiller, and life-breeder, in opposition to the destructive potency of war. There are two kinds of grains—the grains that men plant in the ground and the grains that plant men there. Civilization affirms or denies itself in the choice between the two.

The dialogue consists, in part, of simple monosyllabic prose, in part of easy, familiar metres moving with a celerity that leaves the question of purely poetic gift in a possibly fortunate abeyance. One of these easy metres, the Hiawathan tetrameter, recalls the fact that Longfellow, in the first section of that poem, made the Indian tribes

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of another district the prophets and exemplars of the loitering peace of the world.

Mr. Carl Sandburg has two divergent aspirations: he reaches out simultaneously towards the brawny and the lissome, two ideals linked only by the fact that both are fashionable. The brawny section, which includes the "Chicago Poems," paints the distresses and iniquities of a great city with an unsparing plainness which twenty-five years ago would have been courageous. Mr. Carl Sandburg is a good fellow, with an authentic pity for the poor; and I am glad that he should lash the sodden and selfish rich, if the lash be reformatory. But I think in his pictures of misery there is a lesson he might profitably learn from Galsworthy or Hauptmann, or, for that matter, from Hugo or Dickens. The *man* in the man must be clearly visible before his immersion in the mud can be either tragic or pathetic. Too often—not always—in Mr. Sandburg's pictures the man is so like the mud that his submergence produces no effect of tragic incongruity. These poems, which are all in free verse or shackled prose, show a rude power here and there, a power rather forensic or journalistic than strictly poetical, evident sometimes in a quick eye for dramatic juxtapositions (see p. 21).

In his lissome work he shows not poems, but mild poeticisms, little pennons or banderoles of detached and pleasing phrase, sometimes merely decorative, sometimes fluttering from the spear of his polemic. What sense of beauty he has is evoked oftenest by colors and mists.

Mr. Sandburg's error and calamity is the refusal of discipline. Any healthy and spirited boy in a gymnasium will set for himself restrictions and exactions from the sheer pride of endeavor. How can Mr. Sandburg, who values Chicago because Chicago toils and strives, when a choice is offered between the lax and the tense in metre, in description, in logic, content himself with the spineless preference for the easy and supine alternative? His style, he tells us, is his own, like his face. I concede the analogy. His face, if the interesting photograph supplied to me by the forethought of his publishers be veracious, is not left in a state of nature. I suggest a razor for his style.

The poem that follows is called "Cripple":

Once when I saw a cripple
Gasping slowly his last days with the white plague,
Looking from hollow eyes, calling for air,
Desperately gesturing with wasted hands
In the dark and dust of a house down in a slum,
I said to myself
I would rather have been a tall sunflower
Living in a country garden,
Lifting a golden-brown face to the summer,
Rain-washed and dew-misted,
Mixed with the poppies and ranking hollyhocks,
And wonderingly watching night after night
The clear, silent processionals of stars.

Mrs. Huddleston's "Script of the Sun" is pleasantly metred, deftly phrased, and brightened at moments by comparisons of some vigor and distinction. The amiability which the poems habitually evince is suspended long enough to permit the insertion of a vigorous condemnation of Mr. Oppenheim's "Patterns."

The reader whom chance acquaints with Mr. Newbold Noyes's "Echo" may find an example here and there of pleasing and tripping melody. The reader whom chance has guided differently has no occasion to denounce his guide. O. W. Firkins.

# Correspondence

## MR. WILSON MUST EXPLAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your perplexity as to what course an independent voter ought to take in casting his vote at the coming Presidential election is a matter of conscience to that voter which seems difficult of resolution. The real issue of the campaign, America's future military policy, seems to be a matter upon which the independent voter is apparently to receive no assistance from either nominee. Over one year ago I penned: "As Americans it would be well for us, if we would have it well with us, to realize poignantly the fact that this European war has a more serious question than the doubt which concerns our inviolability from menace by a hostile nation; it is whether we, as a nation, can escape that union or alliance of militarism with industrialism which has been the curse of Germany and in lesser degree the undoing of the other belligerents."

It would seem that to-day the answer to this question is that we cannot escape the alliance of militarism and industrialism. And it seems to me that the man who is chiefly responsible for making that escape impossible is Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson has much to explain. I sincerely hope he can explain it. I am trusting that he will do so. Z.

Baltimore, July 26.

## IRISH HOME RULE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: From Beckley, Sussex, England, under the mystic letters M. P. F., appeared in your issue of the 27th inst. the confession of a change of faith on the part of an American once an ardent Home Ruler. In detailing his reasons for this change he writes: "I believed the Irish wanted liberty. Well, they do—but for the majority, it is liberty to oppress and tax the Protestants and thrifty workers of the North of Ireland." To the latter part of this statement I should like to present in contradiction the following passage from the pen of Erskine Childers, who has written what L. S. Amery, M.P., has called "the ablest, as well as the most courageous, piece of Home Rule advocacy which has so far appeared" (Essay in "Against Home Rule," London: Frederick Warne & Co., 1912), and what Sydney Brooks ("Aspects of the Irish Question," 1912), has characterized as "the most genuinely statesmanlike essay that the controversy has yet produced." Mr. Childers in his book, "The Framework of Home Rule" (London: Edward Arnold, 1911), says: "A common argument against Home Rule is a fear of oppressive taxation of Northeast Ulster, at the hands of an Irish Parliament, through direct imposts. The fear is one of those which scarcely need serious discussion. If Irish statesmen were as black as their most industrious traducers paint them, they could not by any ingenuity invent any new direct tax which would not hit all the provinces equally, saving perhaps a tax on pasture ranches, which would hit Northeast Ulster least; while super-taxes on the exceptionally rich, if they were worth the trouble of collecting, would drive wealth out of a poor country at the very moment when it was most urgently necessary to gain the confidence of investors and the few wealthy residents" (p. 302).

Wm. A. McLaughlin.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 29.

## GERMANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Almost all our histories of the American Revolution lay great stress upon the value of Baron Steuben's services to the Colonies. Some of them venture to express a doubt of their final success if he had not transformed the raw militia into something more than the mere simulacrum of an army. There is, however, one phase of the case that is not sufficiently emphasized: It is that Steuben acted purely in his individual capacity and not as a representative of his countrymen. He did not come to this country as a German. The German people took no interest in the American cause, while the nobility which was at that time and still is very numerous, was almost without exception hostile. For was not George III a German monarch who was endeavoring to suppress a rebellion of his subjects on the other side of the Atlantic? Steuben was evidently one of a considerable class who prefer war to peace because it gives them congenial employment. The Napoleonic wars put these military cosmopolites out of business. Like De Kalb, who had Gallicized his name, he was a man of considerable wealth and had no need to fight for pay. Steuben, however, had an eye to business and did not propose to relinquish his patrimony until he had received assurances from the American commissioners that he would be fully recompensed. Lafayette's manner of proceeding was altogether different. A story is told that one night in 1776 the Marshal de Broglie, the commandant at Strasburg, was giving a banquet in honor of the Duke of Gloucester, who was at the time in deep disgrace with his brother the King of England. The Duke, who was wholly on the side of the Americans, regaled the company with a malicious account of the Boston Tea Party. This is believed to have been the first time Frenchmen heard of American independence. Lafayette, who was hardly more than a youth, was a silent but eager listener to the story told by the English duke. After the banquet he walked across the hall and said to him: "I will join the Americans. I will help them fight for freedom. Tell me how to set about it." He said nothing about compensation and chose the side that seemed to him to be in the right.

Steuben was on a journey to London by way of Paris, where he met St. Germain, the Minister of War, whom he had known in former days. By him he was introduced to Franklin and Deane, the American Commissioners. The somewhat haughty baron was

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not very favorably impressed with the democratic ways of the American philosopher, and it required a good deal of tact on the part of the Frenchman to conciliate him. It is rather more than probable that if Steuben had gone directly to England and come under the influence of the "King's friends" he would have been found on the other side, as was his countryman Gneisenau some years later. Steuben was one of the channels through which flowed the aid that came to our forefathers from France. We are as much indebted to him for what may have been the value of his services as we are to Lafayette. His nationality had absolutely nothing to do with his actions, as little as it had to do with the men who came to this country during the Metternichian reaction. How profound is the contempt of the Germans for a republican form of government may be read, not only in the works of their political writers, but also in those of their historians and philosophers; it is also supported by the utterances of minor officials. It would seem that the bitterness is even increasing with the growth of the American commonwealth because it is a practical demonstration of the falsity of a cherished theory. The German is by nature a good deal of a martinet. He expects some one in authority to tell him what to do and even what to think, or at least to set bounds beyond which he must not stray even in the domain of mind. Kant obeyed without hesitation the decree of his sovereign forbidding him to lecture henceforth on theological and philosophical subjects. The Frenchman, on the other hand, likes to have his own way, and will have his say. Although he may submit to higher authority for a time, he rarely does so with a good grace. After the middle of the eighteenth century there were a considerable number of persons in France who felt an admiration for the Americans. This admiration grew partly out of political, partly out of social conditions. The idea of freedom was alluring. Many believed that in the wilds of the new world one could live the simple life wholly untrammelled by the shackles of convention that regulated the affairs of their daily life to the minutest particulars. This sentiment found literary expression in the writings of Rousseau and St. Pierre, and later of Chateaubriand. In the first letter written after his arrival in South Carolina by Lafayette, he gives expression to his delight when he found himself in a land where there was no difference between rich and poor, where the utmost freedom of intercourse prevailed, and where liberty was the watchword on every tongue. I have found no evidence whatever of such a feeling among the German nobility, although many of the Germans in this country at that time felt it. One needs but to read a few pages in Trevelyan to learn how much the Germans brought to this country by the English cared for what it had to offer them. They plundered friend and foe alike and without discrimination. They were the true precursors of the troops that entered Belgium two years ago, the chief difference being that the latter were better instructed in the methods and more adequately equipped with the means of destruction. If there is any difference it is in favor of the former, as they generally spared human life. They had not yet become Prussianized. In France for more than a century public opinion has moved steadily in the direction of greater personal and political liberty; in Germany it has moved in the opposite direction and the movement has been particularly rapid during the reign of the present Emperor. CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., August 2.

## PLAY-READING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his introduction to the recently issued "Masterpieces of Modern Drama," Prof. Brander Matthews, having remarked upon the difficulties besetting any one seeking to acquire the "lost art" of reading plays, concludes thus: "The story of each [play] has been retold in the form of succinct narrative which from time to time gives place to the actual dialogue of the play itself . . . an ingenious and enticing compromise between the unadorned dialogue of the stage play and the unbroken narrative of prose-fiction."

The fourteen pages given to the succinct narrative of "The Return of Peter Grimm" may suffice for most of us, and the twenty-one pages devoted to the imbroglio of "A Scrap of Paper" seem, indeed, more than enough; but for a tragedy like "Hedda Gabler" twenty-one pages are certainly not adequate, nor are the sixteen allotted to Strindberg's "Father."

A play is either good enough to read or it isn't—either dramatic literature or not. And a play worth printing requires the aid of neither commentator nor "novelizer." The supreme dramatist of the last century did not spend the greater part of two years in the composition of a piece that we can peruse in about two hours without shaping something that demands to be adjudged from its original self and as a whole.

Play-reading is neither an "art" nor "lost." A drama should be read in one sitting; at least, without any extended interruption—that is all. A play of Herr Hauptmann's is more easily read than a novel of Mr. James's, because its art-form more closely approximates life itself.

There is abroad a plausible theory that reading is at best but a *substitute* for representation; that a play-text is analogous to a music-score; baldly, that drama is not also literature. Then it follows, of course, that in reading a play one should seek to *visualize* the action and scene as from an orchestra chair. This may demand artistry, as perhaps some one will testify who has kept actively in mind during his perusal the "Note" scrupulously prefixed to the plays of Sir Arthur Pinero: "Throughout, *right* and *left* are the spectators' right and left, not the actors'." To derive any pleasure, indeed, from a reading of "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" must require "art"—but of a sort the present writer, for one, has no desire to cultivate. But it needs no art to read "The Master Builder." And the comedy of Pinero, unfortunately, already strikes one as antiquated, whereas the older drama is as actable as ever it was—perhaps more so!

The secret of profitable play-reading lies in forgetting all about the theatre. And a play that stands in the way of such oblivion by obtruding the scent of the stage has simply failed to survive the crucible of dramatic literature. Performance alone, with its attendant shifting of values, does not satisfy the serious student of dramatic art; he must read the play both before and after seeing it in the theatre—ponder it, in its relation to life.

A "lost art," play-reading can hardly be designated unless there are plays printed worth reading. The success of the published works of Ibsen, for illustration, booksellers and public librarians will bear out, disproves the supposition that the reading of drama has been a lost art in the United States for the past decade, at least. And to a visitor of any of the branch public libraries in New York city, the worn and rebound copies of modern literary plays, Russian, Scandinavian, German, French, English, will give ample evidence that plays are being widely read—and for the most part, no doubt, by poor persons more interested in life than in the theatre as it is misconducted in New York to-day. Can we recall ever hearing any high-school boy or girl complaining of the difficult "art" in the way of reading Shakespeare or Sheridan? And *when*, one wonders, was this art *not* "lost"? What did the early readers of Shakespeare peruse his plays for? The stage directions—*Exeunt?*

To the appreciator of dramatic literature, a collection of disintegrated plays such as the aforementioned illustrated "Masterpieces" must give regretful pause. This "enticing compromise" will not foster a custom of sincere play-reading, and it is manifestly unfair to the work of the dramatist. It is questionable even if it will entice the interest of those puerile playgoers who find diversion in such manipulation of melodramatic and farcical device as has made Mr. Roi Megrue, for example, a wealthy playwright in a season or two. One thing is certain: the drama of Brieux or Barker is not for those who read while they run.

Why not leave this method of elucidating photographed play-scenes, furnished by the manager, to the "yellow" magazine that began it? ARTHUR SWAN.

New York, June 14.

## A PARALLEL FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the many passages of Greek literature that seem as if written with a view to the present war the following is finely applicable to the present situation of the German war-party. It is from the "Persians" of Æschylus. The ghost of Darius is predicting further disaster; lines 818-822 may be translated almost literally thus:

> And the long heaps of dead shall silently
> To coming generations still proclaim
> That mortal man be not exceeding proud;
> For arrogance, full blooming, ripens in corn
> Of woe, whose garnering is bitter tears.

T. D. GOODELL.

Samoset, Vt., August 4.

## AN EXPLANATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I supposed I had made my note touching the inexpediency of exhibiting certain forms of art advertising in regions heavily settled by negroes very plain; that the objection lay not in the exhibits in question, but in the peculiar constitution of the negro mind which made degenerates particularly liable to excitement thereby. Several letters received indicate that there was some misunderstanding. One from Berkeley, Cal., writes, "I read your interesting letter in the *Nation* of July 27, 1916. But I believe the letter too vague to do any good. You should have painstakingly described the pictures to which you referred. Surely there cannot be anything very bad about them or they would not be permitted to hang in public places." Surely the class of publication was clearly in-

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dicated; more was not necessary. I intended no judgment or criticism of the legitimacy or artistry of the picture. This was taken for granted. I simply showed how that particular order of picture might easily become a very dangerous and subtle incitement to unmentionable crime. I reinforce my note because I would not have those concerned think that my concern was upon the question of the excellence or propriety of the art; but that I was concerned with the danger of the practice, a danger perhaps increased by the very excellence of the reproduction.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, August 7.

# Book Notes and Byways

## A LETTER OF GISSING'S.

By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED.

The story of Gissing's American sojourn as told by his biographers affects the American reader with something like compunction. The gods were among us and we knew it not. But his American period was really not so wholly arid and friendless as his biographers are wont to assume. It would be instructive to imagine the probable experiences of a fastidious American literary aspirant, more gifted than practical, who without friends or funds should seek his fortune in the British Isles as Stevenson and Gissing did theirs in America. He might fall on strata of Philistinism of a density unsurpassed even among ourselves. Yet Gissing seems to have found his first literary market in Chicago, and in New England he made at least one friend with whom he corresponded at intervals for more than twenty years. Not that Englishmen have always been indifferent to American letters; it was Mr. Punch, we believe, who gave Truthful James his first signal welcome, but if a shabby and unknown Mr. Harte residing in a London garret had offered Mr. Punch the same verses, for first publication and cash, they might have fared otherwise. Gissing's American acquaintance did not consist exclusively of gas-fitters and editorial pirates, nor is it probable that the helpful advice of the Bible-reading old gentleman at Troy, N. Y., was the only example of sympathy and kindness he could afterward recall, as Mr. Swinnerton dismally declares.

It was while teaching in Waltham, Mass., in 1877, that Gissing formed the friendship that was to last through so many years. He was then teaching the classical languages in the local high school. The few of these letters that have been preserved show a more genial human spirit than do some of his novels, something, indeed, of the same attitude that makes "By the Ionian Sea" so human and intimate. Years after, his thoughts turned back to his old profession. "It is long since I did any scholastic work," he writes, "and the only person I am ever likely to teach is my own little boy, now almost three years old."

One letter of some length contains autobiographical touches not dealt with by his biographers and helps pleasantly to fill out their picture of the wandering scholar. More particularly, it lets us behind the scenes in the matter of a whole series of his literary labors and projects. It was written from Rome, where he was then seeing much of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells. Readers of "By the Ionian Sea" will gain from it a new understanding of Gissing's conversation with Dr. Sculco at Cotrone, to which this letter constitutes a really necessary footnote.

"Rome, Nov., 1897.

"Dear ———

"Before leaving England, six weeks ago, to spend the winter in Italy, I put together several letters to which I wished to reply as soon as there came an opportunity. One of them is in your handwriting, and, alas, it bears date August, 1896! Time is a rascal, he robs us unconscionably. I can hardly believe that it is more than a year since I read your very interesting account of that cycle-ride by night. You think perhaps that I am no longer in the land of the living. Well, I have had, indeed, to think of the other world, for in the winter of '96 I was gently informed that I had a serious weakness in one lung and—'You must be careful, sir!' So I was. The bad weather I spent on the coast of Devonshire. Through this last summer, I have felt much better, and have done a good deal of work; but I thought it wiser to try the air of the Mediterranean when winter came round again.

"Having a little book to write, and quickly, I went to Siena, first of all, and there grappled with the task, finishing it a week ago. Siena is a wonderful little town amid the mountains of Tuscany—a real bit of the Middle Ages. White oxen with splendid horns (the very same that Virgil saw) draw wine casks about the narrow streets between high houses which look like fortresses. Of course, there is a city wall, still strong enough to stand a siege. And in one of the churches you see (once or twice a year) the actual head of S. Catherine of Siena, who died 500 years ago; I was lucky enough to look upon it the first Sunday after my arrival. I lived with an Italian family and tried to forget English—save when I was writing. The little book, by the bye, is a study of Charles Dickens, which will be published in England (and I think in America too) next spring.

"Now I write you from old Rome, which I have not seen for nearly nine years—to me the most interesting spot on earth. It is a very modern city too; much like Paris in parts; but one can forget all that when standing in the Forum or walking among the ruins of tombs and aqueducts in the Campagna. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to you, so far away, if an unexpected letter arrived from such a place.

"I earnestly hope you are well, and that you enjoy cycling as much as ever. I shall never be able to take that kind of exercise; I feel too old, and too idle—physically.

"My stay here is only for a day or two. Then I go south to Naples and into Calabria, where I want to see the sites of the old Greek cities (Sybaris, Croton, etc.) round the great gulf. There are no ruins, but the scenery is as fine as any in the world, and of course the historical associations are delightful. To tell you what is yet a secret—and must be for a year more—I am going to try to write a historical novel, of the 6th century A. D. in Italy. No less a person than Saint Benedict will figure in it. And for this purpose I shall call on my way south at Monte Cassino, near Naples, where Benedict founded his monastery—the beginning of the great Benedictine order, which soon covered Europe. A monastery still exists, but like all in Italy, it has been suppressed as a religious institution, and now serves as a sort of school, kept by monks. One is allowed to stay within the building, and I hope to spend a day or two there—thinking of the days gone by.

"Other news I have none to send you. I work and work, and the public pays little heed. However, things might be vastly worse with me; it is much to be able to wander about in this glorious land. You, of course, are now at the beginning of ice and snow. I wish you could be here under this sky of indescribable brilliancy, among the dying vine-leaves and the silver-green olives.

"Of modern Italy little good can be said. The poverty of the people is wretched, the country is all but bankrupt; and simply because of the insane desire to keep up a great military establishment. There will be a revolution, I fancy, one of these days.

"It would be kind of you to let me have a word presently. As I return to Rome, from Calabria, you might address, any time till January, Poste restante, Roma, Italy.

"With every good wish, sincerely yours always, GEORGE GISSING."

How near he came to never returning from Calabria readers of that remarkable Ramble in Southern Italy will remember. The letter shows us why in windy Cotrone Dr. Sculco could not deceive his patient by describing congestion of the lungs as a touch of rheumatism. The letter gives us a glimpse of his intense way of working—"working insanely," as he put it—and its short simple sentences perhaps reveal the weariness of mind consequent upon the sustained exertion which in those few weeks at Siena had produced his "Charles Dickens," the book that led Chesterton to call him a man of genius. Indeed, the letter is a little commentary on three works of his, of quite distinct types. He had just completed what has been called the best criticism of Dickens that has been put forth, doubly interesting because Gissing in his novels was so influenced by Dickens. He was on his way to those travels in Magna Græcia through the record of which in "By the Ionian Sea" most of us are content to gain our impressions of that historic region. And in his confidential disclosure of his plan for an historical novel we read the forecast of his one work of that kind, "Veranilda," which represents the fruit of his favorite studies, and which, though left incomplete, Frederic Harrison called far the most important book he produced. That general period and that idea had strong attraction for Gissing: Casti in "The Unclassed" is planning to write an historical novel about Stilicho. It is pleasant to know that Gissing had carried from his American residence the memory of one friendship so cordial as to draw from him the disclosure of this favorite project, cherished so long, but destined never to be fully realized.

Some American scholars, landing once at Paola and looking up at the little yellowish town high above the shore, and then mounting to it and finding lodging at the ill-looking inn, the Leone, in a certain room that looked forth upon "a wild leafy garden" and "the broad pebbly beach, with its white foam edging the blue expanse of sea," found it all strangely and unaccountably familiar; until of a sudden, as one of them has told me, they remembered that it was through Gissing's eyes that they had seen it all before, in "By the Ionian Sea."

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# Literature

## WILLIAM McKINLEY.

*The Life of William McKinley.* By Charles S. Olcott. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

In this biography, the author has played Pygmalion to his subject. Without disturbing the statuesque pose of McKinley familiar to the world, Mr. Olcott shows him to us as a living man; and it is safe to prophesy that the discriminating reader will be tempted to skim rather lightly such chapters as those containing the summarized history of the customs tariff from the foundation of the republic to the opening of the Fifty-first Congress, the review of the currency controversy of the 90's, or the vicissitudes of the spirit of sectionalism, in order to enjoy at greater length the revelations of the man, neighbor, and husband which filter through the main narrative of McKinley's career.

Of the historical material with which the work is crowded, perhaps the most vivid interest attaches to the period of the war with Spain. The vague notion commonly entertained among the people that McKinley was somehow forced by Congress, quite against his will, into his policy of intervention in Cuba, receives little encouragement from Mr. Olcott. It is universally known that Congress was in a state of unusual excitement, and muttering dire warnings of what it might do if the President much longer postponed taking the initiative; but we are here informed that, earlier in the spring of 1898 than any one outside of his circle of intimates suspected, he had decided that our Government should step in between the combatants, and, as he phrased it, "fulfil a duty to humanity" by ending bloodshed. "While Congressmen stormed and threatened, not knowing the real progress of affairs," says Mr. Olcott, "McKinley quietly but aggressively pushed his preparations for war." He drew up his fateful message with the intention of sending it to the Capitol on the 4th of April, but concluded to hold it back till the 6th. That happened to be the date of the joint note presented to him by the Ambassadors of the great Powers of Europe, expressing their hope "that further negotiations will lead to an agreement"; and it would have been not very tactful to follow his response to these diplomatists, echoing their desire for a peaceful adjustment, with the issue of a state paper which could hardly fail to bring on an armed collision, so he put off the message a few days longer. But on the morning when he had definitely made up his mind to let it go, as he sat at his desk preparing to sign it, surrounded by a roomful of advisers urging haste, a cable dispatch arrived from Fitzhugh Lee, our Consul-General at Havana, saying that there were still many Americans in Cuba whose lives would be insecure in case of trouble. The President, whose inward agitation was betrayed by the pallor of his face—

rose to his feet, and, pounding the table with his fist, said: "This message shall not go to Congress as long as there is a single American life in danger in Cuba. Here"—turning to his secretary—"put that in the safe till I call for it."

Thus it came about that the message did not actually go to the Capitol till the 11th of April; and before dawn on the morning of the 19th Congress had responded with the resolutions which left Spain no alternative but war.

Another lingering popular illusion is dispelled in the matter of the President's personal attitude towards the retention of the Philippines. It has commonly been assumed that his desire was not for American ownership of these distant colonies, but for a mere foothold there as an assurance against possible future emergencies, and that our acquisition of the archipelago was wholly the work of the peace commission. Mr. Olcott admits that "he did not want the islands," and did not know what to do with them, but follows this with the significant remark that, "once in our possession, he felt that the people would never be satisfied if they were given back again." The Cabinet was characteristically divided on the question. Secretary Wilson, true to his Scotch Presbyterian antecedents, favored keeping the whole group for the purpose of evangelizing the natives; Secretary Bliss, always the merchant, saw in the great commercial opportunities they opened a sufficient argument for keeping them. Attorney-General Griggs felt the same way. Secretaries Day, Gage, and Long urged keeping no more than a naval base, though Mr. Gage later changed his mind.

In summing up the varying views, the President, remarking that some were in favor of retaining the whole archipelago, while others wanted Luzon, jokingly added, "But Judge Day only wants a hitching-post." His own decision was to keep all the islands, at least temporarily, and await developments. "Mr. President," said the Secretary of State, after the meeting adjourned, "you didn't put my motion for a naval base." "No, Judge," was the answer, with a twinkle of the eye, "I was afraid it would be carried!"

Still a third correction of generally accepted history will be found in Mr. Olcott's treatment of the "round-robin" incident. The round robin, as may be remembered, was a letter addressed on the 4th of August, 1898, to Gen. Shafter, in supreme command of the American forces at Santiago, so worded and signed by the more important officers serving under him that no one of the signers could be singled out and held individually responsible for their joint breach of discipline; for it demanded the immediate removal of their troops to the United States on the ground that the army was already so disabled by malarial fever that its efficiency was destroyed, prophesied an early epidemic of yellow fever, and declared: "The army must be moved at once, or it will perish." Naturally, no one has ever ventured to justify the dissemination of this document through the newspapers at home before it had reached Gen. Shafter, especially in view of the critical situation in Washington, where negotiations were in progress at that moment for a peace protocol, and where every such despairing utterance was likely to give fresh heart to the worsted side and incite a prolongation of the war or an insistence on better terms of surrender. But Mr. Olcott takes pains to show that it had not even the excuse of humane necessity, as the Administration had already prepared for the precise step demanded by the refractory officers, selected Montauk Point as the best site for a recovery camp for the home-coming soldiers, and actually ordered the return of Gen. Wheeler's command three days before the date of the round robin!

Of McKinley's tender care of his invalid wife the whole nation used to catch glimpses during his lifetime, through incidents witnessed by his personal friends and by them permitted to reach the public; but this biography sets forth some illuminating facts on the subject. Mrs. McKinley's health was excellent till after the birth of her second daughter in April, 1873. In the same month came the death of her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached. The shock was too great for her to bear in her enfeebled condition; and when, in the summer of that year, the baby died, her nervous system was nearly wrecked. Less than three years later she lost her other child, not yet quite five, and her own life seemed for a while on the verge of extinction. From that time forward she never knew what it was to be well; and the character of her disorder, involving occasional sudden attacks of insensibility, was such as to reduce her mental powers to an almost childlike condition. The only effect of this was to make her husband more assiduous, if that were possible, in his consideration of her every whim. No matter what he was doing, the slightest call would bring him to her side. Sometimes she would summon him from an important official conference, to express a preference between two shades of ribbon or help her select a present for a friend. He never exhibited the slightest annoyance, but, after responding to her request, would ask, "Is that all, Ida?" and then quietly return to the business in hand. He lived in close rooms, and rode in air-tight carriages, when she was with him, because she was afraid of catching cold; and, in order to give her all that was possible of his leisure, he went without the exercise he needed for health. One of the medical experts who attended him after his assassination testified that the fatal result of his wounding was undoubtedly due in a measure to the weakened condition induced by this sort of confinement.

McKinley's remarkable personality has been the subject of much comment, usually with special emphasis laid on its attractiveness; but its forceful side is brought out in the work before us in an account of one episode in his domestic life of which there have been several unauthentic versions.

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Mr. Olcott's own words put it into better form than any paraphrase could:

When McKinley was in Congress, he once received a telegram that his wife was ill. She was then in Canton. He left for home at once, and on arrival was met by the family physician, who told him gently that Mrs. McKinley was unconscious, had been so for hours, and would never rally. All the resources of the medical profession had been exhausted, the doctor said, and there was no hope that she could be aroused. The Major dismissed the physician, and when the others in the house had retired commenced a lonely but patient struggle with what seemed to be imminent death. He chafed her hands, smoothed her forehead, and caressed her face with loving touch. "Ida, it is I," he whispered again and again, pouring forth all the endearments of a lover, pleading with her spirit to return, begging, imploring her to speak to him. Midnight passed and there was no response. Hour after hour the watchers in the house, who dared not intrude, waited for some sign of hope. Undismayed, the faithful husband continued his vigil, bending every effort to restore consciousness, ceaselessly hoping, praying. Dawn came, and still no response. His efforts were redoubled. At last she moved, opened her eyes, and tightened her grasp of the hand that held her own. "I knew you would come," she whispered, and fell into a sweet natural sleep.

An appendix to the second volume contains the full text of McKinley's last public address, delivered at Buffalo just before he was shot; a résumé of the trial of the murderer, and an illustrated paper on "The McKinley Monuments." Several interesting pictures, reproduced from photographs, are scattered through the text, and there is a pretty satisfactory index.

## TWO PRIZE NOVELS.

*Golden Glory.* By F. Horace Rose. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

*The Pioneers.* By Katherine Susannah Prichard. The same.

To tell the truth, these stories have nothing in common excepting the fact that each of them won a prize of $5,000 (that is, we suppose, £1,000) for the "best" story in a particular field. The author of "Golden Glory" is a journalist of Natal, whose name, say his publishers, "is one of the most familiar in South African literary circles." According to the terms of the prize contest, he had the range of African life to disport himself in, and disport himself he did. The book is frankly a yarn of satirical intent—an extravaganza involving the romantic and other adventures of an odd company of three who by chance have foregathered on an African trail. These are Napo the Dwarf, Baroa the Bushman, and Keshwan the Giant. Napo is of a pious race and upon a species of chivalrous quest; but the exigencies of the trail have mitigated his austerity: "He had been forced to violate his religious beliefs on occasion, and had done so with such conspicuous profit to himself as to make him almost suppose those beliefs were invented with the object, principally, of sustaining the populace in the virtue of poverty. . . . Baroa, on the contrary, had no scruples, no ancestral spirits to worry about, and no religion at all except the worship of the praying mantis and the new moon. He would caterwaul to that luminary for six nights and get drunk every night, if he could; but beyond these periodical exercises his religious observances never extended." As for Keshwan the Giant, he has, besides his enormous size and strength, a huge opinion of his own cleverness, and adds much to the variety of the trio's adventures by his performances in the rôle of magician. Everywhere among the peoples they encounter, the three set things right, or at least make things lively; and always Napo presses on, with his strange companions, in pursuit of the "Golden Glory"—his ideal and his dread: "My Golden Glory," he cries, in a moment of vision, "lies in that which ruleth the soul of man, be he great or small, high or lowly. Such glory I came hither and I pass hence to seek!" And, through all, the two others stumble after him, dazed but faithful, dimly seeing that, whatever happens, he has something they lack. And in the end:

"He died with a smile on his lips," said the Bushman, his voice choking. "Think you, Giant, that he saw his Golden Glory?"

"Nay, I know not, nor whether such Glory there be," said Keshwan, solemnly. "Yet it were well that a man follow it, if his courage be great and his purpose high!"

The Australian prize novel won its award under similar conditions, but surely upon different grounds. The author is daughter of a provincial journalist, was born in the Fiji Islands, and brought up in Australia; and has for some years been a professional writer in London. This is a story of pioneer life in Australia, the Australia of the early years, steeped in the atmosphere of the penal settlements at Hobart Town and Botany Bay. The characters of the present tale are most of them pretty directly related to the jail-bird and ticket-of-leave conditions of the time. The heroine is daughter of an escaped convict. His offence, to be sure, has been political; but this does not affect his status, as rumor has it. The hero is son of a woman who has been exiled from England for cause. One may say that the purpose of the story is to show that in such stock, however legally besmirched, there remained the sturdiness and virtue of the race. These are not moral criminals, most of them, but persons who have offended the law, and have suffered for their offences. The animus of the story as a whole is that they have even suffered unduly, that law has been unjust towards them and their descendants. The culminating event in the action is the murder of her villanous husband, the rascal of the tale, by the heroine Deirdre, who has been (rather incredibly) beguiled into marriage for the sake of her father and the man she really loves. She kills the rascal and marries her true lover. And this seems right to the jury of her fellow-pioneers; neither she nor her son is to suffer for it, apart from the occasional pangs of a woman who has slain a fellow-creature. But it is not the plot of the story which gives it assured merit. Rather it is the genuine characterization which convinces us that the action is essentially sound. Deirdre, her father, Mrs. Cameron Davey—these are persons one may remember after the book which records them is closed.

*Rose Cottingham.* By Netta Syrett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The ugly duckling reappears in feminist guise. Rose had talent and an unusual type of good looks, but until she wrote a novel and the Beardsley craze came in, neither point was recognized. Both these events occurred in her twentieth year. But it is to the dark days when she was not appreciated that our attention is particularly invited—the days in her grandmother's home when she suffered many things from inapt instruction, lack of sympathy, and old-fashioned disciplinary methods—the days in Minerva House when the higher education for women was rigorously administered to girlish victims under a system of rules and regulations worthy of a penal institution in our own enlightened era. The tincture of historical interest (the progress of social and æsthetic movements in the "late Victorian period" is earnestly featured) and an infinitesimal amount of sexual pathology prove an intention to appeal to adult readers, but do not take the rehearsal of childish grievances out of the category of the jejune, and few readers, old or young, will be able to perceive just why the intellectual Rose's entry into a circle of poseurs like that described should be treated as so delectable a consummation.

*The Phantom Herd.* By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The production of "movies" is no longer a novel subject for fiction; but Mrs. Bower has developed it more elaborately than any other writer we know of. "The Phantom Herd" is the title of a great "movie" play, which Luck Lindsay, ex-cowboy and director of film productions, has long dreamed of. It is to present the real romance of the cattleman's life against the background of the great herds and ranges of the past. Lindsay is unable to persuade his employers to take the financial risk involved in producing his play; at the same time he offends them by turning into caricature a number of melodramatic Western stories which they are producing under his direction. So with the help of his friends from the "Flying U" ranch he undertakes to produce the film himself. The story describes in detail the difficulties he encounters and his final triumph. Mrs. Bower's Western local color is excellent; and for the technical part of the "movie" business she has had the advice of an expert. In realism of detail, then, she leaves little to be desired. She writes with a good deal of vigor,

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and handles her story well. What she lacks is a sense for character; her cowboys are types, not individuals, and her hero is more a machine than a man. Nevertheless, she has written a very readable Western yarn which is able to dispense entirely with the conventional love-interest—and this is something of an achievement.

*Hugh Graham: A Tale of the Pioneers.* By Frank Sumner Townsend. New York: The Abingdon Press.

It is no derogation from the merit of this novel to say that its historical interest surpasses its interest as fiction. It gives an unusually picturesque and readable account of pioneer life in the central Alleghany district in the days just before the Revolution. Many of its scenes are concerned with Indian warfare; one describes the battle of Point Pleasant, which broke the power of the Indians in that region. There are sympathetic and interesting portraits of the Indian chiefs Cornstalk and John Logan. The famous scout and hunter, Simon Kenton, plays a prominent part in the story; and we get glimpses of Andrew Lewis, Simon Girty, and other persons more or less known to history. The hero is a young Scotch-Irish gentleman who has fled to America after slaying a brutal landlord in defence of a peasant girl's honor; and the story deals with his adventures in the border country, and his love of Virginia Fielding, the daughter of an English settler. The romance is pretty, but not at all unusual in character. The author is thoroughly at home in the history of the period, and has a pleasant narrative style with a turn for effective description.

## PROPHESYINGS BY MR. WELLS.

*What Is Coming? A European Forecast.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Wells curbs his wilder fancies and makes a serious effort to be realistic in this latest prophetical work. For the most part, it is an analysis of existing conditions on the European stage, with comparatively cautious conjectures at the direction that the forces there engaged will take within the next decade. Certain aspects of the war have shocked, embittered, and slightly sobered him; but, on the whole, the war has strengthened his cheerful self-confidence. It promises to further in its blind, crude way many of the political and social changes which he considers the necessary preliminaries to the millennium. If the lawyer-politicians who govern England do not too precipitately flee from their opportunity, if they do not too stubbornly resist the logic of events, they may so transform the world within ten years that 1914 will seem a date in ancient history.

The responsibility for the upheaval he lays upon the militaristic misrulers and the "cultivated rancid nationalism of Germany." For the masses of the German people he expresses friendliness and admiration. But he sees no permanent settlement for Europe until the "Hohenzollern Empire" is overthrown. Since a decisive and shattering victory is not to be expected in the present type of warfare, the reduction of the Central Powers must be continued after arms are laid down by an economic alliance supported by the united military and naval forces of the Allies. This programme will necessitate the continuance and perhaps the extension of the strong governmental control of industries, commerce, and transportation now in partial operation. The Central Powers will be obliged to adopt similar measures, and a third great alliance or federation is fairly predictable in the Americas. Among these three grand divisions tremendous conflicts will probably ensue. Yet in this new grouping, questions of race, nationality, dynasty, and sovereignty will lose their acuteness; and the way will be gradually cleared for the federation and socialization of the world.

In the meantime, the great problem which Mr. Wells and men of his temper propose for themselves is how to accomplish what Germany accomplishes without becoming like Germany. Mr. Wells and, we suppose, many other honest men profess to regard the Kaiser and the Prussian oligarchy and the German army as curious archaisms and unnecessary and removable excrescences upon the modern scientific state. To other men equally honest, army, oligarchy, and Kaiser, or their effective equivalents, appear to be the indispensable causes and conditions of such a state—appear to be the irresistibly wielded clubs of coöperation and efficiency and impassioned ruthless nationalism. It is idle to point to the accomplishment of "democratic" England so long as England is at war, for England has to all intents and purposes temporarily abandoned democracy. Government in war-time is, if effective, government under artificial conditions maintained by a quite abnormal and, in the long run, unendurable surrender of individual liberty, will, property, and life. When the objects of existence are simplified by the extraordinary stress of a great war to the production of munitions, provisions, and transportation, the obvious demand is for expert governmental control. When peace is made and the normal diversity and multiplicity of individual human interests are again free to reassert themselves, John Smith is going to inquire again in his old skeptical, democratic fashion where are the governmental officials who are more expert than he in managing his own life and liberty and in directing his own pursuit of happiness. The temporary unity and solidarity of the *volonté générale* will disappear; the will of the governors will lose its identity with the will of the governed; Smith, Brown, and Jones will challenge the expertness of the experts; and only an iron fist will be able to buffet them out of the "rotten" individualism which distinguishes a real democracy from a military autocracy.

"We are beginning to agree," says Mr. Wells, "that reasonably any man may be asked to die for his country; what we have to recognize is that any man's proprietorship, interest, claims, or rights may just as properly be called upon to die." Our prophet counts heavily upon the immense burden of the war debt and the trained sacrificial spirit of the soldiers returning to civil life to strengthen and continue this readiness to surrender all to the state. Under dire necessity that mood will doubtless persist for some time to come; and we shall hear in this country many eloquent and heroic-sounding voices urging us to despise the individual life and glorify the national juggernaut. Yet, on the whole, one suspects the imminence of a rather strong reaction after the war against the abstract idealism and the concrete brutality of "politically-minded" men. Times like those in which we have been living listen without horror to the Napoleonic question: "What are a million lives to a man like me?" But we fancy that millions of young men in Europe who are doomed to go maimed and stumping through their prime will soon be looking a little wistfully about to discover whether there is any land left in the world where one may live and let live. If that day comes, some of the "moral qualities" which, in the stress of war, governments stamp with the highest values will be rated like Confederate "shinplasters," and we shall be praying to the shiftless and inefficient gods of the Victorians to preserve us from too much government.

## PROTECTION OF CITIZENS ABROAD.

*The Diplomatic Protection of Citizens Abroad.* By Edwin M. Borchard. New York: The Banks Law Publishing Co.

With the enormous increase of foreign trade and foreign travel there has been a great increase in the number and complexity of the legal problems arising in connection with the individual abroad. He finds himself in legal relation to two countries, the country of which he is a citizen and the country in which he resides or establishes his business. From the point of view of the one he is a citizen abroad, from that of the other he is an alien. Under the sanction of international law he enjoys a right of diplomatic protection from the country of which he is a citizen, which in turn constitutes a limitation upon the territorial jurisdiction of the country in which he is an alien. It is the growth and present practice of this branch of international law which Dr. Borchard has set forth in a detailed but lucid volume of a thousand pages. He has added to its usefulness by a couple of bibliographies and numerous footnote references.

Much of the author's discussion relates to the troublesome case of the citizen who has a claim against a foreign government arising from the government's failure to meet its contractual or financial obligations—a case which has frequently arisen in connection with the Latin-American states. Strong Powers have often used force to support the

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claims of their nationals, to the great annoyance of the dependent states, and sometimes to the serious disturbance of international relations. In 1902 Dr. Drago urged that the public debt of an American state could not occasion armed intervention under any circumstances, nor even the actual occupation of American territory by a European Power. His contention, however, has never been generally accepted. The preponderance of authority favors the view that under certain circumstances intervention to secure the payment of public loans is legitimate. Authorities differ merely as to the nature of the circumstances. By the Porter Proposition, at the second Hague Conference in 1907, all but five states agreed, with some reservations, not to have recourse to armed force for the recovery of contract debts, except in cases where the debtor state refused to arbitrate or failed to carry out an arbitration award. The Porter Proposition is thus narrower than the Drago Doctrine, inasmuch as it recognizes the ultimate legality of the use of force; it is wider in that its provisions apply to all contractual debts, whereas Dr. Drago confined his doctrine to claims arising out of the non-payment of public loans. As Dr. Borchard well points out, however, even the Porter Proposition is not a satisfactory final solution. Some of the smaller South American states attempt to defeat it by a constitutional or legislative limitation, according to which, as a term of the contract itself, the alien renounces his right to call upon his own government for diplomatic protection. But the stronger nations have properly taken the ground that an individual cannot, by agreeing to any such limitation, deprive his government of its rights under international law.

Such limitations only serve to make notorious the lack of respect in which the debtor country is held. Doubtless the best ultimate arrangement, which the author suggests, and which it may be hoped will find expression at some third Hague Conference, will be the erection of an international court for the judicial determination of all international pecuniary claims. Such an arrangement would relieve the United States of its embarrassment between its desire to see creditors get their rights in Latin-America and its desire to prevent European nations resorting to force or intervention. It would also secure the claimant a fair judicial hearing (which is not now the case). The determination of his rights and his remedy would no longer depend upon his nationality and the strength or willingness of his government to entertain his claim, but upon the merits of his case. The defendant government would be relieved from the diplomatic pressure of unjust claims, which by its very weakness it now feels itself often unable to resist.

Another class of cases which has given much trouble—that of persons who become naturalized in the United States and then go back to the land of their birth or elsewhere—has been greatly simplified by the Act of March 2, 1907. This provides that "when any naturalized citizen shall have resided for two years in the foreign state from which he came, or for five years in any other foreign state, it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen."

Dr. Borchard also notes some of the changes resulting from the European war, such as the stricter passport regulations and the temporary loss of protection to those who engage in the military service of a foreign government. His volume, owing to its freedom from excessive technicality as well as from the fact that it deals with international relations, will interest others besides professional lawyers.

# Notes

E. P. Dutton & Company announce for publication this month "Charles E. Hughes, the Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist," by William L. Ransom.

Publications of D. Appleton & Company during August are announced as follows: "Wind's Will," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "The Look of Eagles," by John Taintor Foote; "The Magnificent Adventure," by Emerson Hough; "Fondie," by Edward C. Booth; "Principles of Railroad Transportation," by Emory R. Johnson and T. W. van Metre; "The Panama Canal and Commerce," by Emory R. Johnson; "Fundamentals of Salesmanship," by Norris A. Briscoe; "The Tide of Immigration," by Frank Julian Warne; "Caribbean Interests of the United States," by Chester Lloyd Jones; "Contemporary Politics in the Far East," by Stanley K. Hornbeck.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of Doubleday, Page & Company: "The Heart of Rachel," by Kathleen Norris; "An O. Henry Biography," by C. Alphonso Smith; "Short Stories from 'Life,'" with an introduction by Thomas L. Masson; "The House of Fear," by C. Wadsworth Camp; "Somewhere in Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson; "Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book," by Nora Archibald Smith; "Military and Naval America," by Capt. H. S. Kerrick; "Mount Vernon," by Paul Wilstach; "The Grizzly King," by James Oliver Curwood; "The Thorn in the Flesh," by Corra Harris; "My Garden," by Louise Beebe Wilder; "Penrod and Sam," by Booth Tarkington; "Morning Face," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Casuals of the Sea," by William McFee; "How to Make Friends with the Birds," by Niel Morrow Ladd; "The Further Side of Silence," by Sir Hugh Clifford; "The Soldier's Catechism," compiled by Capt. F. C. Bolles, Capt. E. C. Jones, and Lieut. J. S. Upham; "The Preacher of Cedar Mountain," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "They Shall Not Pass," by Frank H. Simonds; "The Leopard Woman," by Stewart Edward White; "The Wind of Destiny," by Sara Lindsay Coleman; "The Emperor of Portugallia," by Selma Lagerlöf; "Medical History of the Great War," by William L. Mallabar; "The Wishing Moon," by Louise Dutton; "The Bird House Man," by Walter Prichard Eaton; "Booker T. Washington," by Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmett J. Scott; "Beef, Iron, and Wine," by Jack Lait; "Ivory and the Elephant," by George Frederick Kunz.

"The Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper," by Christian Mallet (E. P. Dutton; $1 net), are the brief, vivid, personal reactions that are occasionally recorded by the more sensitive of those who have taken part in the present struggle. There is no attempt at presenting an attenuated psychology; this young French trooper merely recalls the nightmare of fatigue and apparent indirection that was characteristic of the thinking French combatant during von Kluck's whirlwind drive on Paris. From a technical point of view, the story is also another record of the failure of cavalry in modern European warfare. Even before the armies went to earth for the French campaigns, both uhlan and dragoon had become an encumbrance, and the waste of men and horses in apparently futile reconnaissances, more efficiently rendered by aeroplane and automobile, must have been enormous. But this modest little story, full of the *esprit* that galvanizes a small mobile body of men continually facing unknown and desperate situations, is thrilling enough for even a blasé reader of fiction, while the fervor that animates the republican soldier in the present crisis is here sincerely and quite simply interpreted.

The Illinois Central Railroad has a peculiar fascination for every student of railway history. Chartered by perpetual grant at the middle of the nineteenth century, when the longest operating railway did not exceed three hundred miles, it was run the entire length of the State of Illinois, a distance of seven hundred miles. It received the first important Federal land grant, obtained very largely through the efforts of Stephen A. Douglas. It agreed in return for this grant of three million acres to pay into the State Treasury annually 7 per cent. of its gross receipts, a provision which has since been made permanent through constitutional amendment. It was built by Eastern capitalists, who agreed to make the road equal in all respects to that between Boston and Albany. This group was headed by Robert Rantoul, the successor of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate from Massachusetts. Once under way, control was obtained by English and Dutch stockholders, who retained their influence until a comparatively recent time. Dr. Howard G. Brownson, in his "History of the Illinois Central Railroad to 1870" (University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences), has written an authoritative and thoroughly readable account of the pioneer days of this interesting railway system. Its problems of construction, including its long controversy with the city of Chicago concerning right-of-way on the lake front, its traffic and financial development, its services during the Civil War, all are traced in detail, original sources, many of them not readily available, being drawn upon for most of the material out of which the history is constructed. The monograph may fairly be appraised as a contribution to the railway history of the country.

A genuine service to Thoreau and to the boy reader has been performed by Clifton Johnson through his abridgment of part of "Maine Woods," under the title "Canoeing in the Wilderness" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net). Stripped of much that is merely expository, printed in large, sturdy type, illustrated with eight two-tone drawings by Will Hammell,

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and bound in the pale green of inland waters, this narration of Thoreau's third excursion into the Maine wilderness has renewed potency and charm, for the adult as well as for the youthful reader aimed at. It is unmistakably a piece of honest writing, and its pure, "elegant" style distinguishes it as never before, in this present era of journalistic slapdash. One word of protest must be added: the rectangular label "Will Hammell" on each of the otherwise excellent illustrations is quite as unsightly as are signboards in a fair landscape.

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Ernest Thompson Seton is always interesting, always replete with first-hand information as to nature in the wild, and in his wild animal fictions, like the traditional riding horse on the mountain trails, apparently always delights to walk with at least one foot over the precipice of improbability. "Wild Animal Ways" (Doubleday, Page; $1.50 net) is a collection of seven animal stories in the author's well-known style, enlivened by some two hundred whimsical marginal drawings. Some of the protagonists in these stories have been among his personal animal friends, he tells us, while others are composites, intended merely to present facts of natural history in story form. The most exciting episode in the collection, the killing of an especially vicious bear by "Foam" and "Grizel," a pair of Virginia "razor-back" hogs, is based on a story told to the author by a Michigan lumberman, whose name he has forgotten. This recalls the fact that the writer of this note heard from the lips of a Michigan lumberman, name forgotten, a story of a train which came down the Duluth road from Trout Lake to St. Ignace so fast that it was on the ferryboat and well out into the straits before its shadow arrived at the St. Ignace docks. But the restriction of Ernest Thompson Seton to the limits and methods of rigid scientific investigation would mean a loss to "nature" literature which even a characteristically scientific age would be reluctant to tolerate.

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It is just thirty years since Henry Cuyler Bunner published his first book of fiction—"Midge," a story of the French quarter in New York; and just twenty since he took his place among the group of promising American writers cut off in comparative youth, the group that Stephen Crane and Frank Norris were soon to join. The fact that Bunner's short stories and tales are still demanded by the public is attested by the reissue of the cream of his fiction in two volumes ("The Stories of H. C. Bunner"; $1.25 net each) by Scribners, with an introductory note by Bunner's friend and collaborator, Brander Matthews. The place that Bunner holds in the history of the American short story is secure, and is much the same place as that held by Aldrich, Cable, and Stockton. In these two volumes we have not only "Midge," but "The Story of a New York House," which was also originally issued as a separate book; the "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" sketches of life on lower Manhattan Island; the inimitable "Love in Old Cloathes," probably the best short story ever written in epistolary form; "The Zadoc Pine Labor Union," a piece of clever characterization, and a dozen other tales from various of his books. The inclusion of such long pieces as "Midge" and "The Story of a New York House," the latter a study of typical local and family history, done in a tone of quiet realism, is perfectly justifiable even if the publishers wished to regard this as a volume of short stories; for they have the singleness of aim, the close texture, the focussing of effects, characteristic of the form. The two volumes will reveal to any reader Bunner's fertility of invention, whimsical humor, adroit command of the unexpected, and fine sense for local color, as well as his defects—his lack of structural finish, his rather journalistic if easy style, his failure to achieve depth, and absence of reserve force. The introduction, which here and there pays tribute to a friend by overestimating his powers, is regrettably shorter than the paper on Bunner which Professor Matthews included in "The Historical Novel and Other Essays."

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Arthur Lynch, M.P., was born in Australia of an Irish father and a Scotch mother; he was educated at Berlin University, and lived for years in Paris; he has been a poet, a medical doctor, an engineer, and a war correspondent; he fought with the Boers in South Africa, was tried for high treason in London, and condemned to death; his sentence being subsequently commuted, he was sent to prison, where he served some time before King Edward VII pardoned him and restored his civil rights; thereupon, he was elected to represent an Irish constituency in the House of Commons, and the course of his evolution, as he would himself say, has now made a loyal Imperialist of him. He has written—but let him be justly summed up as an amateur of almost every career worth pursuing! It was inevitable that he should write a book on Ireland, and its somewhat melodramatic title—"Ireland: Vital Hour" (Winston; $2.50 net)—is characteristic of the man. It is vividly and at times brilliantly written, but it would be far more entertaining if Mr. Lynch did not take himself quite so seriously as a political philosopher. For, in the popular phrase, "he does not belong there," although he gives a fresh restatement of ancient facts and gives also some excellent advice both to the Irish in Ireland and to the Irish in America. There are but few proofs in the book, however, of any intimate knowledge of Irish life. This is not strange, for Mr. Lynch has lived but little in Ireland, and occasional visits to his constituency do not make up for this handicap. A line, even though it be complimentary, is not sufficient tribute to the great part which Sir Horace Plunkett and the coöperative movement are playing in this "vital hour." Nor would a really keen student of Irish conditions pass over the dangerous pauperizing tendencies of the Congested Districts Board to rail against its traditional red tape. On the other hand, a chapter which denounces, with a brave array of instances, clerical influence in politics, is significant, for, presumably, Mr. Lynch intends to seek reëlection from his Catholic constituency. The chapter on literature contains an amusing, but ignorant, diatribe against the "cult of Deirdre," and a denial of Mr. Yeats's poetic gift, but it has an eloquent appreciation of Padraic Colum, whose work is little known here. The book on the whole is far more readable than the usual discourse on Ireland, and it endeavors to be scrupulously fair. Its faults arise naturally from Mr. Lynch's fascinating but dissected personality.

The modern educator is busy studying how best to utilize the enormous energy of the average American child, and the manner in which this valuable reservoir of energy has been tapped and applied by Superintendent William Wirt in the Gary schools has so far alone merited serious consideration. In the British public schools a great deal has always been made of the collecting habit that is inherent in both young and adult, and these extra-classroom activities have been systematically used in the acquisition of knowledge by winning the interest and taste of the young collector. Alpheus H. Verrill has now assembled a few of these activities of American youth in his "The Boy Collector's Handbook" (McBride; $1.50). While the present generation has missed the butterfly net from the American landscape there is hope, according to Mr. Verrill, for its revival. Birds and insects would seem to be the natural delight and knowledge of the American boy, especially those fortunate in a rural environment; to these Mr. Verrill has added a manifold skein of interests such as minerals, marine animals, Indian relics, and the photography of wild things. Stamps and coins have frequently had their vogue, and there is a possibility that the interest in geography aroused by the great war will bring these back. To the British boy there is great incentive in the fact that King George owns the finest stamp collection in his empire, and we think that Mr. Verrill might have added a chapter to his useful book exploiting the enthusiasms for collecting that men in public affairs in this country have variously indulged.

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In this considerable volume ("The Church of England and Episcopacy;" G. P. Putnam's Sons) Canon A. J. Mason brings together "a kind of catena" of passages from Anglican writers to show "their views on the origin, the sanction, and the obligation of episcopacy and on the position which we ought to hold in relation to non-episcopal communities both abroad and at home." His own position is frankly partisan, and no doubt his book will give much aid and comfort to all those who care greatly about ordinations and validities and apostolic successions and the like. To those who are more concerned with spiritual realities than with any questions of "regularity," it may prove useful for occasional reference, but otherwise it must seem to them a dreary compilation of utterances in which the spirit of Christian fellowship is singularly lacking. "And indeed Calvin was strictly a 'clergyman,' for he had received minor orders"! One wonders what the heathen of Kikuyu can think of a Christianity in which discussions of this sort can seem of real importance.

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The latest volume in the series of "Original Narratives of Early American History" (Scribner; $3 net) is edited by Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California. It continues the earlier work of Hodge and Lewis, in the same series, and brings the account down to 1710. The narratives that appear in it have been selected for the illustrative value rather than to exhaust the field. They portray the more striking figures in the exploration and settlement of California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, from Cabrillo to Father Kino. Nearly a third of the documents are herewith printed for the first time. Another third have appeared in Spanish

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sources, chiefly in the valuable collection of Pacheco and Cardenas. The remaining five have already appeared in English, but were retranslated for this work. The material for this volume is far less dramatic and picturesque than that afforded by the golden age of Spanish discovery. But the exploits herein described involved the same heroic devotion and sacrifice as those of De Vaca, Coronado, and De Soto, and were far more useful in the ultimate redemption of the wilderness and the reduction of the savage. By such deeds were the outlying communities of New Spain settled, and a picturesque background prepared for our own Southwest. In this volume Professor Bolton exhibits the same detailed scholarly technique that we have come to associate with his historical laboratory in Southwestern history. His notes and introduction contain a wealth of reference to original printed and manuscript sources, and to contemporary monographs. He has prepared an original map to illustrate the routes of various explorers, and also presents two contemporary maps from the Archives of the Indies, Seville. Frequent cross references and a complete index add to the value of the text. Altogether the study is a valuable contribution to a comparatively unworked field, and a most fitting closing volume to this valuable series.

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Although it is more than forty years since the principle of municipal home rule obtained its first recognition in this country, we have hitherto lacked any satisfactory exposition of what the policy of home rule implies, how it works in actual practice, and what its necessary limitations are. Prof. Howard Lee McBain, in "The Law and the Practice of Municipal Home Rule" (Lemcke & Buechner; $5 net), has now availed himself of the opportunity to do a service both for scholars and for statesmen by giving us the results of a thorough investigation of this important subject. Municipal home rule is now provided for in the constitutions or laws of no fewer than twelve States. In each of these States the courts have been called upon to decide time and again just where the autonomy of the city ends and the sphere of State control begins. Naturally there has been a considerable body of jurisprudence created in this way, and the author's chief aim has been to set it before his readers in systematic form. That task has been performed with great care and with good judgment. Professor McBain has shown us that municipal home rule is not a question of principle. It is a question of practical politics, with innumerable twists and turns to it, full of troublesome details which must be adjusted rightly or the outcome will be unending litigation. It has taken seven hundred pages to make this point clear, and the author has not wasted any of them. The volume is well planned; the materials have been gathered with intelligence, as well as with industry, and the conclusions are stated judiciously, without any attempt to point a moral or to further a cause. To members of constitutional conventions, to city attorneys in all of these twelve home-rule States, and to students of political science in general the book will prove of great value.

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The life of Boniface, English apostle to the Germans, written by Willibald shortly after the saint's death in the middle of the eighth century and now for the first time turned into English by Mr. George W. Robinson (Harvard University Press), is interesting evidence of the cosmopolitanism of those days. A West Saxon lad with unusual capacity to live well the monastic life, Winfrid, according to his English name, turned his back on the cloister and went as a missionary among the heathen Frisians. Close friend of three Popes and of the Frankish rulers Charles the Hammer and his sons, Boniface, as bishop and archbishop, spent his life converting the barbarians of Hesse and Thuringia, and in establishing and organizing the church in the North under the sway of the Roman see. With all his success as an organizer, and in spite of his desire to end his life at the great monastery of Fulda, which he had favored from its foundation, he was led once more in his declining years to the field of his earliest missionary endeavors, Frisia, and here he and his companions sturdily accepted martyrdom, his slayers rifling his treasure chests to find only books. Willibald's biograpical sketch has the faults of its type, but its subject, of that it leaves no doubt, was a great and modest man. The translator has skilfully rendered Willibald's "elegantly circumlocutory language," and in the account of the felling of Jupiter's Oak has, by applying a little knowledge of practical woodcraft, ingeniously handled a passage which has hitherto escaped interpretation. Introduction, notes, and bibliographies point the way amid the large accumulation of literature on the subject.

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An Elizabethan treatise on tropical diseases, "The Cures of the Diseased, in Remote Regions" (1598), has been reproduced in attractive form under the editorship of Charles Singer (Oxford University Press). This little work, of no great authority even in its own day, as Hakluyt testifies, is nevertheless interesting as a by-product of that age of adventure. The aim is purely practical; that of "Preventing Mortalitie, incident in Forraine attempts of the English Nation." The book describes the symptoms, briefly and not always accurately, and suggests remedies, on the whole rather sensible, in cases of sunstroke, erysipelas, scurvy, and so on. The author, who signs his dedication to the Queen with the initials G. W., the present editor tries to identify with George Whetstone, writer and soldier of fortune, best known perhaps as having furnished Shakespeare with the plot of "Measure for Measure." But the reasons for this ascription seem trivial, and much speaks directly against it. Hakluyt refers to our author as M. George Wateson, and Wateson is surely Watson and not Whetstone. Again, the author appears to be writing out of his own experience: he speaks of "my unjust imprisonment in Spayne"; of "infirmities, as in my owne experience, have infinitelie impaired English Forces in intemperate Clymates"; and of "My selfe hauing 80. men, 800. leagues forth of England, sicke of the scurvey." About Whetstone none too much is known, but with the exception of a trip to Italy, his journeyings seem to have taken him chiefly to Flanders and Newfoundland. To make him the author of the tract his life must be stretched out some dozen years longer than it is commonly, though on no very positive grounds, thought to have lasted. Search among British shipping records ought to reveal something more concerning George Watson.

# Drama

## "SEVEN CHANCES."

This piece, written by Roi Cooper Megrue and produced by David Belasco at the Cohan Theatre, is described in the programme as "comedy," but is really farce. Nor does the interpolation of some sentimentality of the what-is-home-without-a-mother order serve to elevate it to the higher category. The sentimentality, besides being banal, merely interrupts the action of the piece. It may be argued by the author and producer that, as the humor of comedy is broadened for purposes of farce, so the sentiment which is proper to comedy may appropriately become sentimentality in comedy's less cultured relative. In point of fact, however, nine times out of ten sentiment—except the conventional love-making necessary to the plot—is misplaced in farce: usually it interrupts the action, and almost always it disturbs the mood of the audience. In the present piece the relative weakness of the last act is attributable as much to the introduction of this jarring note as it is to the difficulty, inherent in farce, of gathering up the threads which have been joyously ravelled through the earlier stages of the play.

Apart from this fault, "Seven Chances" is a cleverly constructed and thoroughly amusing farce, and contains an unusual number of good lines. It is no derogation from its merits to observe that the humor is predominantly of the type that one may descry from afar off. Indeed, this method has many advantages, for when due warning is given of the imminence of a good line the audience has time to make preparations for honoring the check on mirth at the moment when it becomes due. The unexpected bon mot is apt to disconcert a summer audience, betraying it into late-born laughter. The plot centres upon the time-honored device of a will which provides that Jimmy Shannon, lover of bachelor freedom and panic-stricken at the idea of marriage, shall inherit his grandfather's fortune of twelve million dollars only on condition that he shall have entered the estate of matrimony before his thirtieth birthday, supplementary conditions providing that the marriage shall be no mere formality. As Jimmy will be thirty twenty-four hours after the news of his relative's death is received, quick action is necessary. The possibilities of the situation for farcical purposes are obvious, and full advantage is taken of them by the author and by Mr. Belasco, who stages the scenes with characteristic art at a country club overlooking the Sound. The final solution of Jimmy's troubles, satisfying, as was inevitable, both Mammon and the god of love, is notably ingenious.

The success that the piece undoubtedly will enjoy will be well deserved by all concerned. Much of it will be due to the capital performance of Frank Craven as Jimmie Shannon, who is on the stage almost continuously, is constantly amusing, and achieves his effects for the most part legitimately and without effort. His *fidus Achates*, Billy Meekin, is played well but in too vaudevillian a style by Otto Kruger. Harry Leighton is excellent as a married "grouch" and misogynist in the cleverly arranged club scene in the first act and is unfortunate in having imposed upon him later the expression of some of the sentimentality to which we have referred. Miss Carroll McComas plays appropriately the not

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very promising rôle of Anne Windsor, the ultimate possessor of Jimmy's heart and millions, and the "seven chances," each of which gives opportunity for deft characterization, are all well presented, the performances of Miss Anne Meredith and Miss Beverly West perhaps standing out above the rest.

S. W.

### "CHEATING CHEATERS."

Max Marcin has written a most entertaining play, produced last week by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre, in the now familiar form which has come to be known as farcical melodrama. Its title has been objected to as revealing unnecessarily the nature of the plot, but the objection appears to us somewhat frivolous: by the time the audience is absorbed in the fast-moving series of incidents it has almost forgotten about the title, and the two surprises of the third and fourth acts lose little, if any, of their effect. In writing of a play of this kind it is only fair that a reviewer should subject himself to a self-imposed censorship, revealing no information that may be of service to future friendly audiences. We content ourselves with saying, therefore, that somewhere in the suburbs of New York a gang of very superior "crooks" has established itself in a fine mansion with all the appurtenances of wealth for the express purpose of relieving a neighboring house of a magnificent collection of gems. For further revelation we refer the inquiring reader to the title, only adding that the surprise of the last act, which serves to maintain the tension of the piece to the very end, is furnished by the identity of Ferris, the great detective who has instilled terror into the bosom of every crook in the land.

Granted that the author's material is mechanical and a little trite, he has yet handled it dexterously and has produced a play of entertaining quality and considerable interest. Only in one place does it drag: that is at the end of the first act, where a considerable amount of explanation might with advantage be avoided. The purpose of this scene is to lead up to the catch phrase which makes an effective curtain for each act, but the same object might easily have been achieved by other means. An excellent cast does full justice to the author's intentions. Miss Marjorie Rambeau's performance as Nan Carey, the leading spirit of the Brockton gang, deepens the exceedingly favorable impression made by this clever young actress last year. Cyril Keightley, as a crooked hero or an heroic crook, gives a dignified but somewhat mechanical performance and fails to realize all the possibilities of a not very attractive rôle. One of the best impersonations is the George Brockton of William Morris, as smugly refined a rogue as is to be met with on any stage. Miss Anne Sutherland does well with a good character part as Nell Brockton, and Edouard Durand and Robert McWade should be mentioned for excellently humorous impersonations of Antonio Verdi and Steve Wilson. The piece is well produced and the speed with which it goes reveals capable stage management.

S. W.

"Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs" (E. P. Dutton; $1 net), by Emerson Taylor, is written by a man who evidently knows what he is talking about. Whether it will be of great value to those for whose benefit it is intended is less certain. It is one thing to lay down rules of procedure and another to show how they may be put into execution. The art of the theatre—including management and acting—can be learned only in the hard school of actual experience. This little book, however, does contain a large amount of technical information and instruction for the novice having sufficient natural aptitude to profit by it. But it insists, very properly, upon the importance of a qualified and authoritative stage manager, a functionary very rare nowadays upon the professional stage, and almost unprocurable by amateurs. Most of the advice given is perfectly sound. But it is doubtful whether the first object of amateurs in selecting a play should be to choose one worthy of representation for itself alone, on account of its literary or dramatic quality. One would say, rather, that they ought to seek for a piece making no exacting demands upon undeveloped capacities. The author is upon safer ground when he defines the true meaning of impersonation. He is at pains, after using the misleading phrase "feeling a character," to make it clear that the actor is expected to represent the part and not himself. The good actor, of course, does not feel, he thinks. His problem is to divine the thoughts, impulses, and emotions of the fictitious personage and to express them in tones, gesture, and action appropriate to him in the prescribed circumstances. First his conception is called into play, and then his mimetic faculty. Having determined his general scheme of interpretation, he proceeds to work it out in detail, being especially careful to guard against any intrusion of personal habits inconsistent with the imaginary ideal. The moment he begins to feel, he ceases to counterfeit, and presents himself instead of the assumed character.

## Finance

### THE WHEAT CROP, LABOR, AND FOREIGN FINANCE.

Last week was an exceptionally interesting period. The crops, the railway labor situation, and foreign finance were vigorously discussed. In view of the close integration to which the finance and industry of the civilized world has been brought, no survey of the present situation will be complete that fails properly to coördinate these three divergent groups of facts.

The past twelve months have wrought an effective change in our crop situation. The 1915 harvests were providential; they were record-breaking in size, and they were matched by a phenomenal world demand. They were the basis of our unexpected and astonishing prosperity. Last month there was a great deterioration in the conditions governing the wheat yield. Briefly, the Government report of August 1 indicated a yield for 1916 of about 654,000,000 bushels, against a yield of over a million bushels in 1915. It is easy to overestimate the importance of this shrinkage. Last year is not a fair basis of comparison in estimating the results of this year's harvest. Prior to ten years ago 654,000,000 bushels of wheat would have been considered a large yield, and since then there have been three years in which the production fell measurably below that figure. The present crop is abundantly sufficient for our own needs; the important question is how much will be left over for export. Possibly not more than 34,000,000 bushels; but this fact is mitigated by the recollection that the carry-over from 1915 was exceptionally large.

To-day we are relying on our manufactures to do for us what the crops did in the last twelve months. Yet, after all, this country is so completely in the grasp of world conditions that the situation cannot be dismissed so lightly as that. The world must be fed, and it is important, therefore, to discover whether our reduced exporting capacity can be made good by other wheat-growing countries. It is too early to form any definite opinion on that point. Unseasonable weather has prevailed in Great Britain this year, and the crops have been backward, and there has been a feeling that most cereals would be below the average of last year. The outlook in France has been for only a moderate crop. German official statements have recently pointed to a satisfactory yield, but in unofficial quarters this situation has been painted in quite different colors; in fact, a very bad yield has been predicted for both wheat and rye, and it has been openly said that nothing could prevent a very poor harvest. In Rumania conditions have been reported as considerably above average, as regards both yield and quality. A small and poor crop has been looked for in Turkey, and an excellent one in Italy. The outlook for Austria-Hungary has been regarded as bad and that for Russia as fairly satisfactory. Brilliant hopes had been entertained regarding the Canadian yield, but during the past week early frosts have been feared. The situation in Argentina has been considered hopeful, and there have been high expectations regarding Australia. It should be added that there must still be a great amount of wheat in Russia, though facilities for getting it to market are still deficient.

Everything considered, it looks as if there would be an adequate supply of wheat throughout the world, but as if the effort of getting it into final hands would be attended with more difficulty than in the past. We may safely conclude that the shrinkage in the American crop this year will not work materially to our disadvantage, especially in view of the fact that it is almost an axiom that it takes more than one bad harvest to bring about poor trade conditions in this country.

Of more immediate concern is the labor situation. A strike of 400,000 railway operatives could be viewed with nothing short of consternation. Obviously, a paralysis of our railway facilities at such a time as this would be a disaster of the first magnitude. These facilities have been far from adequate ever since the autumn of 1915. One railway embargo has followed another in rapid succession, and the trade of many of our industrial centres has suffered acutely in consequence.

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Yet this particular situation is merely symptomatic of a nation-wide situation which must eventually, in the opinion of competent minds, be subjected to treatment far more fundamental than any yet accorded it. At present we are proceeding blindly towards a solution of the problem. We are in the midst of a clash of opposing factions, each intent on the profit of the moment. The time must come when a more prudential view will be necessitated on the part of the opposing factions. Neither can expect permanently to obtain an inordinate part of the increased prosperity of the nation. The railways, for example, cannot be expected to add $100,000,000 a year, or a fraction of that sum, to their pay-roll without obtaining an offset. The nature of this offset is a vexed problem. If it comes by way of enhanced transportation rates the menace to general industry is merely enhanced. The ordinary person will have to pay more without getting more, unless, of course, he can put the screws on the person or persons from whom he derives his income. But this will merely intensify matters the more. The weakness of the situation appears to lie in the fact that two opposing movements have been going on at the same time. The profits of labor have been advancing and the efficiency of labor has been declining. A corrective is needed, and can probably be found only in a speeding up of labor. This declaration may be premature, but it is hard to see how, with all the other factors in the industrial situation remaining as they are at present, it is going to be possible to overcome the dislocation occasioned by the fact that the income of the average person produces less and less for him every year. If a corrective is not found by the exercise of a clear foresight and a sound judgment, it must be forced upon us by drastic measures not wholly agreeable to contemplate.

It will be well, therefore, to view the foregoing facts in the light of the international financial situation. While there has been no sensational change of late in this situation, there have been several occurrences worthy of more than passing reflection. Some comment, for example, has been occasioned by the recent announcement of the Bank of England that it would, for the time being, discontinue its daily statement of the movement of gold. That is not a very important matter in itself, for no one who has studied the Bank's statements for months past could for a moment believe that they disclosed anything like the real facts. Larger importations of gold have been received in this country from Ottawa, and the common impression has been that they came from a fund that was held to the credit of the Bank of England. It has not been possible, however, to find such a fund in the weekly statements of the Bank. It looks as if the mystery surrounding this Canadian fund were designed, and as if the discontinuance by the Bank of England of its daily statement regarding the movement of gold were for the purpose of enhancing the mystery.

This step, however, need cast no discredit on the ordinary weekly statement of the Bank. Assured of this, the statement of last week may be studied with considerable profit. It is interesting, if for no other reason, because it shows an increase over the preceding week of £1,666,000 in the amount of gold held, and a decrease of £511,000 in the amount of outstanding notes. It attests anew the soundness of the Bank of England notes. The amount of these notes in circulation is £36,146,000, against which the Bank holds £56,550,000 of gold, the gold, in other words, being £20,404,000 in excess of the amount necessary to cover the notes in full.

A comparison between the Bank of England and the Imperial Bank of Germany in this respect is instructive. In the first week of January, 1915, the Bank of England held bullion and coin to the amount of £68,848,493 and had £35,876,575 of notes in circulation, there being a gold excess of £32,971,918. On practically the same date the Imperial Bank of Germany held £104,712,500 of gold, against which were £238,964,500 of notes, that being in this case an excess of notes amounting to £124,252,000. In the middle of July, 1916, the bullion and coin in the Bank of England had decreased to £56,951,072 and the notes had increased about £84,000 to £35,960,240. There was still, however, an excess of gold of £20,990,732. While, on the other hand, the Imperial Bank of Germany had increased its gold supply to £123,318,000, it had also increased its outstanding notes to £346,692,000, which meant an excess of notes over gold of £223,374,000, against a similar excess of £124,252,000 at the opening of 1915. Comment is quite unnecessary.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

### FICTION.

Booth, Edward C. Fondie. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Hueston, Ethel. Prudence Says So. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
McFee, William. Casuals of the Sea. Doubleday, Page.
Ruck, Berta. In Another Girl's Shoes. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Cox, Edwin Marion. Sappho and the Sapphic Metre in English. London: Chas. Wittingham. 1s. net.
Eaton, Charlotte. A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Gignilliat, R. L. Arms and the Boy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.

### RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Quin, Malcolm. The Problem of Human Peace. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Sheldon, Henry C. Theosophy and New Thought. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.

### GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Wilson, Woodrow. The President of the United States. Harper. 50 cents net.

### [illegible]APHY AND HISTORY.

Boutrou[illegible] Idée de Liberté en France et en Alle[illegible] . Paris: Editions de Foi et Vie.
Dubnow [illegible] History of the Jews in Russia a[illegible] d. Translated by I. Friedlaende[illegible] I. Phila.: Jewish Publication Society
Fernau, [illegible]nn. Précisément parce que je suis [illegible]. Paris: Payot. 1 fr. 50.
Freytag [illegible]. Doctor Luther. Translated by G. [illegible]emer. Phila.: Lutheran Publicatio[illegible]ty.
Gaultier [illegible] Mentalité Allemande et la Guerr[illegible]Alcan. 1 fr. 50.
Hagar, [illegible] Plain Facts about Mexico. Harpe[illegible]ts net.
Langloi[illegible] Anecdotes pathétiques et plaisa[illegible]aris: Berger-Levrault. 90 centim

### POETRY.

Burr, A. J.[illegible] and Living. Doran. $1 net.
Wright, Frede[illegible]x A. The House on the Hill. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

### SCIENCE.

Lovett, Robert W. The Treatment of Infantile Paralysis. Phila.: Blakiston.

### DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Quinton, Pauline Brooks. The Locust Flower and The Celibate. Boston: Sherman, French.

### JUVENILE.

Spyri, Johanna. The Rose Child. Crowell. 50 cents.

### TEXTBOOKS.

Finney, H. A., and Brown, J. C. Modern Business Arithmetic. Holt.
Levi, Moritz. French Composition. Holt.

**Dorothy Canfield's**
**THE REAL MOTIVE**

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